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WHERE DO WE STAND WITH MEXICO? No one seems to know. The Senate has adopted, unanimously, an arbitration resolution which is variously interpreted as a slap at the President and as standing by the President. It commends the principle of arbitration, but insists that pending arbitration American property rights must be maintained unchanged. That is asking Mexico to suspend the sovereign application of her laws until an arbitral decision can be reached. Meanwhile neither President Coolidge nor the State Department has taken any step toward arbitration. One American oil company has obtained an injunction against application of the new laws; another has been denied an injunction. But the most important developments are the clearing up of the situation in George Barr Baker's dispatches from Mexico City to the New York *Evening Post*. He tells us what is at stake. There are, it appears, 28,500,000 acres of oil lands in Mexico rights to which were acquired prior to May 1, 1917. The dispute hinges about these. But while titles to these lands are held by 387 foreign oil companies, all but 22 of them have accepted the new Mexican laws and applied for confirmatory concessions under the new regulations. The whole dispute concerns the remaining 1,600,000 acres, 6 per cent of the total—and *almost half of these belong to the Pan American Oil Co.—Mr. Doheny's old company* of fragrant memory! As the New York *World* says in one of a splendid series of editorials, "the heart of the opposition is the same group of men who engineered Teapot Dome and Elk Hills"! More than that, it appears that the Mellon interests also are involved in this little fraction of oil drillers.

A WISE FOREIGN POLICY is of increasing importance to the United States as it becomes more and more of an exporting nation—an exporter of both merchandise and capital. Yet an uninformed, indifferent public opinion allows our policy to be shaped by the President and his Secretary of State, largely secretly until some action is taken, so that neither Congress nor the people has any but a negative voice in it—that often too late. Thus, although public opinion has rebuked Mr. Coolidge's Mexican-Nicaraguan policy, the mischief—in respect to Nicaragua anyhow—has already been done, and Senator Wheeler predicts that after the adjournment of Congress on March 4 the Administration will have its way in Mexico too. In so far as the United States has had a definite foreign policy since the Spanish-American War, it has been one of unconscious imperialism. We say unconscious because the average American does not realize the tendency and resents the assertion that it exists. The latter is a hopeful sign, for if the public can become sufficiently interested to express itself formidably against the imperialist drift, then the policy can be changed before it has wrecked our trade and our reputation in the way that it now promises to do. As a first step Senator Wheeler has introduced a resolution calling for an inquiry into American investments in foreign countries, and many mass meetings are indorsing the plan.

TO US TWO PRINCIPLES seem simple and obvious: First, that there can be no dispute about property rights which should not be arbitrated. Will Rogers well summed up President Coolidge's position when he said: "He feels so sure we are right that there is no one he would trust to decide it in our favor." Second, that Americans investing money in foreign countries should be entitled to no privileges not available equally to the inhabitants of those countries. When, before the war, Lloyd George was taxing the nobility out of their estates in England, the program was denounced as confiscatory. It was confiscatory; but it was part of a national program which foreigners holding land in England had perforce to accept. If France should adopt a capital levy, foreigners holding property in France would have to accept it. When the United States adopted prohibition, it wiped out some foreign investments in the liquor industry in the United States; the foreigners had to accept it. The contrary principle is applied only to small or weak countries. The whole trouble about foreign property in China and in Mexico today is due to the arrogant assumption of the big investing Powers that their nationals have rights superior to those of natives.

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS no one doubted that little Panama would sign on the dotted line the treaty proposed to her by the United States; and it seemed likely that the Kellogg compromise proposals for settlement of the

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Tacna-Arica dispute would be accepted by the interested parties. On Christmas eve United States marines were landed in force at Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua. The next chapters are familiar. Results thus far: Faced by a violent campaign against the treaty, the Panama Government has withdrawn the Panama-United States pact "for modification"; Peru and Chile have enthusiastically agreed to reject the Kellogg proposals. There are likely to be other results if Mr. Kellogg is not replaced soon by a Secretary of State with some discrimination and sense of realities.

"WHAT ABOUT THE CATHOLICS?" we asked two weeks ago. Several Catholic readers indignantly refer us to the pacific pastoral letter of the American bishops, part of which is printed in our correspondence columns this week. The editor of the *Catholic Bulletin* of St. Paul, whose emphatic editorials entitled No War with Mexico deserve the warmest praise, insists that even "the church in Mexico does not want war with the United States" —"in spite of the inevitable few hot and empty heads here and there." Other readers call our attention to semi-official denials from Mexico that the Archbishop of Guadalajara is in fact leading an armed revolt. We hope the report will prove false, and that the Archbishop, if found by government forces, will have an open trial. We have no more sympathy with the reported position of the Mexican Government, that it will deport foreigners who openly or secretly criticize Mexico adversely, than with American Catholics—or non-Catholics—who want war. Joseph Scott, speaking at a Knights of Columbus mass meeting in Washington on January 27, declared that "no sane, patriotic American will countenance intervention." He wanted to "bring to bear on President Calles the powerful force of outraged public opinion." So far, so good. But when he "registered" his "indignation at the contempt the Calles Government has shown for the support and protection with which the American Government has most bountifully supplied them," calling on an overwhelmingly powerful government to act, as a government, against a weak neighbor, he was on dangerous ground.

IN NEW JERSEY the lawlessness of the police has suffered a just and heartening rebuke; the hearing before a coroner's jury on the attack made by New Jersey State Police on a farmer's family, in which a woman was killed and her brother lamed for life, has resulted in a charge of murder against twelve policemen, and, without waiting for court action, the superintendent of the Constabulary has conducted an investigation which has led to charges against three of the troopers of "wanton, brutal" assault, "without justification," failing to render first aid, false report, and misappropriation of property. But in South Carolina, where three Negroes were lynched because of the refusal of the Sheriff and his deputies to protect their prisoners, the Aiken County grand jury reported, after listening to thirteen witnesses: "We do not find that sufficient evidence has come before us to warrant us to ask for indictments." That is, as predicted, nobody who took part in the lynching expected to suffer for his lawless and abominable act. Nobody even thought it worth while to conceal the fact that a lynching was to take place. The action of the grand jury in failing to bring indictments reflects deeply on the State and on itself. The new Governor of South Carolina, too, has uttered brave words: "There can be no justification of lynch law, I care not what the offense. . . . I promise the people of South Carolina that if it lies in my power the Aiken lynchers shall be brought to justice." It remains to be seen, therefore, whether it is within the power of South Carolina to bring the lynchers to justice.

IF THIS ADMINISTRATION were a sensitive organism it would feel extremely uncomfortable these days, but not even the Senate's rejection of Cyrus E. Woods by the overwhelming vote of 49 to 28 will, we prophesy, make a dent upon the President's thinking. He has not been affected by the similar rejections of Charles B. Warren and Henry H. Glassie, who were rejected by the Senate when nominated for the Attorney Generalship and the Tariff Commission, respectively. Neither of these rebukes to the President was as severe a blow as the defeat of Mr. Woods, because that gentleman was declined not by Democrats and the Progressive Senators alone, but by a number of regular Republicans who ordinarily vote as they are told. Twenty-six Republicans refused to follow the Presidential lead and went on record as being unqualifiedly opposed to the appointment of a lawyer for a Pennsylvania coal company and a stockholder in coal companies and railroads to the Interstate Commerce Commission, where he would have to both as a judge of the railroads and of the coal companies. No President with a fine sense of honor would have made such an appointment, but it is the kind of thing that seemed right to Mr. Coolidge during his long affiliation with the Republican machine in Massachusetts, and he cannot understand what the fuss is about today.

CAPTAIN WALDO EVANS, U. S. N.—where have we heard the name before? He has just been appointed Governor of the Virgin Islands to succeed Martin E. Trench, who died on January 6 while on a visit to this country. Oh, yes, Captain Evans was sent to Samoa in 1920 to preside over the court of inquiry into our naval administration there, against which serious charges of financial irregularities and wrongs done to the natives had been made. Rather than face the charges, the commandant committed suicide. He was unnecessarily hasty; the inquiry was such that naval rule received a clean bill of health, and Captain Evans got the job of commandant. He was no more sympathetic than his predecessor to the pleas of the natives for a restoration of their rights, and when Samuel S. Ripley, an American citizen of Samoan birth, sought to land at Pago Pago in 1921 in the interest of the people's grievances he was deported by order of Captain Evans—probably an illegal and certainly an unjustifiable act. [The story was told by Mr. Ripley in *The Nation* of March 15, 1922.] We must be excused, therefore, for not finding much cheer in the appointment of Captain Evans as governor of a people already highly restive under our rule—in need of an administrator unusually equipped with sympathy, intelligence, and tact.

STRAWS SHOW THE DIRECTION of the wind. These items are gleaned from recent newspapers arriving from China:

> Despite wars, strikes, and boycotts China's trade in 1926 was the largest in her history. Shanghai's custom receipts were $5,000,000 greater than in 1925, Canton's $1,200,000.
>
> China exported a quarter of a million dollars' worth of tobacco to Egypt in 1926.
>
> Great Britain's share in China's cotton-goods trade fell

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from 50 per cent in 1915 to 40 per cent in 1924 and 26.5 per cent in 1925. Japan's share rose to 65.8 per cent in 1925. Figures for 1926 are not yet available.

Tang Yen-tat, chief of the Political Section of Military Headquarters, and General Chang Fat-hui flew by airplane from Hankow to Canton—half-way across China—on November 24; twelve new automobile streets were opened in Canton in the same week.

The British-American Tobacco Company cleared a net profit in China of £6,195,000, in the year ending September 30, 1926.

All the B. A. T. workmen in Hankow struck in December—except the company teachers in the schools for workers' children.

The (British) Hongkong-Macao-Canton Steamship Company has agreed to take back its workers who struck in June, 1925, and accordingly will be permitted to receive cargoes in Canton.

The Canton Provincial Council on December 13 prohibited strikes in native industries involving military supplies, finance, communication, or public service.

A Chinese Fashion Show was held in Shanghai in December for the benefit of the Chinese babies' clinic.

Just before Christmas Bishop Roots and other missionaries in Hankow gave a dinner at the Terminus Hotel in honor of Madam Sun Yat-sen and various ministers of the "Bolshevik" Government.

THE CENSOR NOW GOES ON THE AIR. In the new radio legislation which has already passed the House and which seems likely to pass the Senate, there are various little jokers which make existing proposals for censorship of literature or plays seem childish. The radio bill gives lip service to free speech; it provides that if one candidate for public office is permitted to make a speech over the radio equal opportunity must be given by the same broadcasting company to all other candidates for that office. We predict, however, that equal opportunity will not in fact be given to Republicans and to Socialists or Communists. Another section of the bill provides that no alien may be an officer or director of a broadcasting company, nor may he own more than one-fifth of the capital stock of any company. The bill provides that the President may by proclamation take over any or all stations in the event of "war or threat of war, or a state of public peril or disaster, or other national emergency, or even in order to preserve neutrality." What is a state of public peril? Might it be a coal strike? What is a national emergency? Might it be a threatened invasion of Mexico or Nicaragua? In short, what sort of control is this toward which we are moving? No government official is honest enough or unbiased enough to be given power so absolute to stifle opposition to government policy.

WE ARE NOT SURE that Elihu Root has done a wise thing in endowing *Foreign Affairs*, the quarterly review, with the $25,000 which he received as the Woodrow Wilson Foundation award "in recognition of his services to humanity and the cause of peace through justice in helping to create the Permanent Court of International Justice." That it was generous and out of the best of motives goes without saying. But the more we hear of endowed journals, or semi-endowed journals, the less we believe that the way to make a publication successful. Inevitably a certain dead hand comes to rest upon the endowed publication. The administration slackens; there is not the imperative incentive to make a success of the undertaking and achieve self-support. The final acid test of creating or filling a genuine public want cannot be applied, and in the long run that test must be met. Of course, large as Mr. Root's gift is, the income from it will, we presume, hardly meet the annual deficit of *Foreign Affairs*, and it is quite possible that its receipt will be the excuse for many who ought to support it to dodge their duty. As a representative of conservative American thought on foreign affairs, it has a place to fill.

THE VICTORY OF THE TAMPA CIGARMAKERS in reestablishing their factory readers brings to public attention again one of the most interesting customs in American industry. For many years the unionized cigarmakers who roll their cigars by hand while sitting at long tables have hired out of their own pay a man who sits on an elevated platform in the middle of the room and reads aloud to them in Spanish while they work. He is usually a man of commanding presence and leather lungs, who sits, hat on, slouched down in his chair, shouting his sentences like a campaign orator, while the white and colored cigarmakers quietly roll their tobacco-leaves and frown upon whispered interruptions. In the morning he reads newspapers for an hour; in the afternoon he turns for three hours to novels and works on social progress. Everything that he reads must be approved by a committee of cigarmakers. Before the last great strike in Tampa the readers frequently read I. W. W. literature and they were fond of the novels of Zola.

DO THESE PUBLIC READERS of the cigar factories hold the key to the workers' education of the future? Is it possible to give men education and entertainment while they work at the machine? Today there are few factories in America where quietness prevails; in the cigar factories it is only in the hand-made-cigar rooms that reading is possible. The radio with its ear-phones may some day provide a refuge from the machine roar. Is it too fantastic a dream to picture the factory of the future equipped so that the Ford automata who now give a screw a quarter-turn while the moving tray passes by will listen through their own ear-pieces to jazz or classical culture? We offer the dream without charge to the radio manufacturers, sure that it is not as crazy as many dreams which modern science has already realized.

WITH THE PASSING OF "Jehoash" (Solomon Blumgarten) the young-old Yiddish literature loses another of its still numerous living classics. Unlike many of his contemporaries, who are survivors of the galaxy that gathered around Peretz at Warsaw, Jehoash was a purely American product. In poetry Yiddish did not put its best foot forward, but Jehoash, though no longer a dominant poetic force at the time of his death, served as a vital link between the older rhetorical school and the more authentic accent that it assumed in the younger men under the invigorating influence of the new American poetry. His translation of "Hiawatha" and his poems of the American scene helped to naturalize the Yiddish muse in its American locale, but his greatest work may prove to be the Yiddish translation of the Bible, at which he worked twenty years. If the Yiddish language survives, this magnificent translation may come to mean to it what the Lutheran and King James versions are to their respective languages: "A well of purest Yiddish undefiled."

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While the Bands Play "Tipperary"

"GREAT BRITAIN proposes to hand back Weihaiwei to the country within whose frontier it lies. . . . Chinese sovereignty will now be restored," Arthur Balfour, speaking for the British Government, announced at the Washington Conference on February 1, 1922. The Union Jack, however, still flies at Weihaiwei; and the Chinese may be pardoned if they regard the pleasant statements of Austen Chamberlain, made just five years after Arthur Balfour's unkept promise, with reserve. Experience has taught them that Western promises mean nothing; that the Great Powers give nothing that they are not forced to give, and avail themselves of any verbal loophole to escape the plain implications of their pledges.

When bands are playing "Tipperary" for soldiers marching through London streets to China-bound transports; when soldiers are mobilizing for China service in England, Malta, India, and Hongkong; when one of the greatest international navies ever assembled in the history of the world is gathering at Shanghai; when barbed-wire fortifications are thrown up about the foreign city there and daily parades are being held of foreign volunteers and of England's bearded mercenaries from the Punjab, China is justified in wondering what is the significance of the fine speeches which the white statesmen are making.

If it were not for these martial demonstrations we should hail Austen Chamberlain's Birmingham speech as a tremendous advance in British China policy. He went further than any British statesman had ever dreamed of going before. Like Secretary Kellogg, he seems to say more than he does say, but he says more than Mr. Kellogg. Both are prepared to abandon extraterritoriality where there are modern Chinese courts, but not everywhere; both grant China's right to fix her own tax and tariff schedules, but both refuse to accept new tariffs until all the other Powers do likewise—a less generous position than that adopted by Russia. Mr. Kellogg denounces the concession system, but forgets that an American is chairman of the Shanghai Municipal Council and that the council is responsible to the Consular Body in which the American representative plays a leading role. Sir Austen is more specific, but not specific enough. He says:

> As regards the concession areas we are prepared to enter into local arrangements according to particular circumstances at each port, either for the amalgamation of the administration with those of the adjacent areas under Chinese control or for some other method of handing over the administration to the Chinese while assuring to the British community some voice in municipal matters.

That sounds well, but is it well? He is "prepared to enter into local arrangements." When? At once, while the iron is hot? Or will he wait until the 20,000 men and the rest of the cruisers arrive in China; and what will he mean then by "some voice in municipal matters"? Will he begin by keeping Balfour's promise without delay? The Chinese know that the only British concessions which have ever come back to them are in Hankow and Kiukiang, and that those were won by Chinese mobs which overran them. The way to teach the Chinese a better way is to prove that something can be attained by peaceful methods. The Chinese have negotiated and negotiated for two decades, and listened to promises galore; and they have no faith left in them.

It is too late to talk in terms of ultimate treaty revision; fortunately for China and the world the famed "unity of the Powers" is beginning to break up, with the result that England, America, and Japan are bidding against one another for China's favor. The old custom of waiting for joint agreement among the Powers meant that no one ever did anything. The Powers have begun their competitive bidding hesitantly enough, but they are likely to go far. Once their deadening unity is lost, there is no safe place to stop until all the treaties are revised, all the old shackles removed, and sovereign China reestablished.

Thus far, in all the recent chaos and civil war, with riots in a score of cities, missions requisitioned, concessions overrun, not a single foreigner has lost his life. The warnings to women and children to leave China apparently have been issued by flighty consuls in the safest treaty ports. Perhaps it is just as well; if the consuls had foreknowledge of the plans for the vast international armada they did well to order their nationals out of China. From the attempt to use force can come but one result: the unification of China in opposition to the foreigners. "Anti-foreignism" is a word lightly used and easily exaggerated. But it should not be forgotten that even the Nationalists want foreign capital to remain in China and negotiated for the reopening of the British banks in Hankow; and even the Northern militarists want the foreigners to abandon their special privileges. The first repercussion of the seizure of Hankow by the Southerners was a demand by the Northerners for return of the Tientsin concessions in their territory; the first effect of the announcement of the British expeditionary force was a declaration by Chang Hsueh-liang, son of Chang Tso-lin, generalissimo of the North, that if the British landed troops in China the North would join the South to drive them out—and the next step was to appeal to the League of Nations against the British invaders.

There is dynamite in this situation. Shanghai, geographically, is easily defended. But the cities under foreign administration which have grown up at Shanghai are largely populated by Chinese. The so-called French and International Settlements between them have a population of nearly two millions, of which only 50,000 are whites. Eighty per cent of the land, even, is owned by Chinese. It is possible to land as many troops as there are foreigners in Shanghai, and to hold the city; but is it worth it? What is the use of the foreigners existing there if they cannot do business with the hinterland, if their troops arouse against them a resentment which makes trade impossible? Let the Powers take thought before it is too late. There was a time when they might have pacified the Shanghai Chinese by opening the forbidden parks to them, giving them schools, allowing them joint representation on the municipal council. It is too late now; the foreigners are reaping the harvest of their own mistakes; Shanghai thinks in national terms. The West has taught China national pride and accentuated her race consciousness; it has sold her modern guns and artillery and instructed her in their use; it has forced upon her a trade which is more important to it than to her; and it must accept the consequences. More than promises and fine speeches are needed today; and to send warships is to add fuel to the flames.

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American Wives

THE Immigration Act of 1924 denied admission to the United States to wives of American citizens if these wives are of a race ineligible to citizenship. Hindus, Chinese, and Japanese are ineligible. Hence the curious and cruel fact that while an Oriental merchant with his wife may enter America, the wedded wife of an American-born citizen is held at the coast for deportation. Our legislation, which admits the children of citizens, of whatever color, has on occasion even led immigration officials to admit a nursing baby while barring its mother! Simple humanity would seem to dictate a change in this law. Surely we need have no such panic at the thought of intermarriage as to bar the wives of the handful of Americans who marry Oriental women.

Indeed, the present situation works in some ways to promote interracial marriage. In Hawaii and on the mainland there are 13,318 native-born male Chinese, present or prospective American citizens. What are they to do? Return to a land they have never seen, of whose language many of them know not a word? Remain unmarried? (The number of Chinese women in this country is inadequate to provide them with wives.) Or intermarry? The natural course would seem to be to permit any American citizen who marries abroad to return with wife—or husband—whatever the race, color, or creed. For a country of 120,000,000 to gag at such a minor measure of humanity is utterly to lack a sense of proportion. The Supreme Court, in the case of Chung Fook *vs.* White, indeed, virtually suggested Congressional action:

> The words of the statute being clear [the Court said], if it unjustly discriminates against the native-born citizen, or is cruel and inhuman in its results, as forcefully contended, the remedy lies with Congress and not with the courts. Their duty is simply to enforce the law as it is written, unless clearly unconstitutional.

There are other anomalies in the law which ought to be remedied—and can be remedied without affecting the principles of selection upon which the present network of legislation is based. (With those principles, as our readers are aware, we are not in sympathy; but we do not raise such questions today.) American wives who married foreign citizens prior to the passage of the Cable Act became *ipso facto* foreigners and can return to America today only under the foreign quota. Frances Parkinson Keyes calls our attention to the fact that the only member of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Jerusalem is barred from this country except under a six-months' permit as a visitor—because she had committed the indiscretion of marrying a German!

We have already noted in these columns the petty cruelty imposed upon a score of American women who married Hindus before the Supreme Court decided that Hindus were ineligible to citizenship. They thought they had married American citizens and were still citizens themselves; overnight a court decision cast doubt upon their position, and the State Department proceeded to attempt to cancel their citizenship, impugning, in some States, their right even to hold property. In these cases the lower courts have thus far refused to accept the State Department's interpretation of the law; but the proper course would be for Congress to remedy the situation by appropriate legislation. Senator Reed of Pennsylvania has introduced such a bill; we have not often agreed with him in the past but this time we heartily congratulate him upon his effort to right a wrong, and hope that his measure will pass.

A "Hun" of the Civil War

"HARDLY a man is now alive who remembers that famous day and year" when a thrill of horror went through the North as the news came that a Confederate cavalry general, one John McCausland, had led his troops into Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, on the thirtieth of July, 1864, and burned the greater part of that town to the ground. In an hour this inconspicuous brigadier-general who, with "Stonewall" Jackson, had been a professor at the Virginia Military Institute prior to the war, became one of the most execrated of men. He was declared an outlaw, a brigand, a violator of all the decencies of war and the laws thereof; a beast who warred on women and children. Had the word "Hun" been in use then it would instantly have been applied to this destroyer of private property. It was openly declared that no quarter would be granted him if he were caught—and he was so nearly caught by General W. W. Averell just a week later that he lost his artillery, three flags, nearly all his wagons, 420 prisoners, including thirty-eight officers, besides about a hundred killed and wounded. No matter what might happen to General Robert E. Lee or to "Jeff" Davis, General McCausland was slated, in the united opinion of the North, for a drumhead court martial when the Confederacy fell.

On January 23, 1927, he died in his sleep at the age of ninety in the West Virginia town that bears his name—the survivor of almost all those who once thirsted for his blood and, with one exception, the last of the Confederate generals. More than that, General McCausland was of the Old Guard who die but never surrender. Lee might give up his sword and Early and Johnston and Pickett and all the rest, but not the destroyer of Chambersburg. There was no Appomattox for him. With numerous others he went into Mexico and began that hegira through Europe which for some of these irreconcilables led to Egypt, service in the Egyptian army, and almost two decades of wanderings. McCausland's exile was cut to two years because Ulysses S. Grant came to his rescue, declaring that Chambersburg belonged in the category of things to be forgotten and forgiven, which resulted in the quashing of indictments—for arson—brought against McCausland and General Bradley T. Johnson in Franklin County, Pennsylvania. General McCausland came back, but never yielded to the "Yanks." To his dying day he boasted that he had never surrendered, nor taken the oath of allegiance. If ever a man deserved to have the "Stars and Bars" on his coffin it was surely the "Hun" of Chambersburg.

What influenced General Grant? Primarily, doubtless, the fact that McCausland acted under the orders of his superior officer, General Jubal A. Early, who had instructed him to demand from the citizens of Chambersburg "$100,000 in gold, or, in lieu thereof, $500,000 in greenbacks and national currency." Why? It was, General Early declared, "in retaliation of the depredations committed by General Hunter . . . during the recent raid." So the Germans in Belgium had good American precedent for any fining—or firing—of Belgian towns. The citizens of Chambersburg, who the year before had watched the march up to Gettys-

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burg of the Confederate legions, could not produce the necessary funds. They could only stand by and see the best part of their town and their personal property, too, go up in flames and smoke. Something of this may have been in General Sherman's mind when he apparently said that it would not hurt him deeply if Columbia, South Carolina, should burn down. It did. The war in the Shenandoah was full of bitterness about this time. General Sheridan, it will be remembered, undertook to lay the valley waste so that if a crow were to fly over it "he would have to carry his rations on his back." Sheridan's men executed some Confederate officers there out of hand—without trial—in retaliation for what was said to be the murder of some of his officers and men by Mosby—Hunnish work on both sides! A monument to some of these victims stands by the side of the Shenandoah turnpike today. Such is the nature of war even when conducted by American heroes. The little quarter given at Fort Wagner, the massacre at Fort Pillow—they have their counterparts in every war and so does Chambersburg, which proves anew that the minute one side resorts to what the opponents consider villainous practices, the "purer" and "nobler" side immediately descends to the same practices, cheerfully making them its own. So it was with poison gas, which we are now so proud of and find so humane, and so it will be without end until war is forever abolished and the profession of soldiering is no more.

James Ford Rhodes

JAMES FORD RHODES was that rare phenomenon in American life—a business man who, having made a great deal of money, gives his life to letters. He was born to wealth and he carried on a successful business career until he was nearly forty years of age. A brother-in-law of Mark Hanna, allied by friendship and relationship to the most powerful men of politics and business in Ohio, he cut loose from all business ties and determined to devote himself to the writing of a history of the United States from the Compromise of 1850. He had never stayed in any college long enough, although he had attended two, to obtain a degree. He had also studied abroad, but he had had no training in writing or research when he determined to give the rest of his life to the history of his country. The chances were a hundred to one against success, yet he wrote one of the fairest, most dispassionate, readable, and authoritative histories of his country, which is still unsurpassed in its treatment of the decade from 1850 to 1860. Honors were showered upon him. Nine American universities and Oxford gave him honorary degrees, and the National Institute of Arts and Letters conferred its gold medal upon him. In 1918 he won the Pulitzer Prize; the Loubat Prize of the Berlin Academy of Science was awarded to him in 1901. He was one of the most successful presidents of the American Historical Association.

Now the interesting fact is that these honors were earned virtually by one work, comprising eight volumes, the "History of the United States." Beyond this in various forms there were only three published volumes to Mr. Rhodes's credit, one of historical essays and two dealing with the American Civil War. This places him in that limited group of authors who have achieved preeminence by one great work. He moreover worked slowly and deliberately; his final volume, "The McKinley and Roosevelt Administrations," appeared exactly thirty-three years after his first volume. His means enabled him to command a skilled force of assistants. With them he searched the field he had chosen to cover with great conscientiousness, giving especial consideration to the newspapers of the period with which he was dealing. For the Abolition struggle he had a special interest because of his father's devoted friendship with his kinsman, Stephen A. Douglas. It will always be a cause for regret that the boy who knew Stephen Douglas so well and drew such a striking picture of him in his history did not essay a biography of him; but that form of historical writing never appealed to Mr. Rhodes.

It was the good fortune of *The Nation*, when Mr. Rhodes's first volumes appeared, to prophesy that "if he shall live to complete his task, we shall have a noteworthy and valuable addition to our solid literature." His second publication seemed to us of such value as to make it improbable "that we shall see a more complete or better balanced history of our great Civil War than that which Mr. Rhodes is giving us." Time has confirmed this estimate. His style was direct and strong, his treatment of every question candid, and his desire to be unbiased was apparent upon every page. The result is that his history has stood the test of time. New material has, of course, been developed. Individual studies of various phases have thrown new light here and there, but the main outlines are unchanged. Its length, unfortunately, bars it from ordinary school use, where its candidness, its honesty, and its clear understanding of the finest things in our American tradition would make it infinitely superior to the biased and narrow works which too often are adopted by boards of education, especially when the authors are willing to cut out objectionable parts and write in accordance with the prejudices of the hour.

It is an unfortunate fact, however, that in his later volumes Mr. Rhodes did not conform to the high standards of his earlier work. There was a greater reliance upon the work of his assistants and his personal ties surely affected some of his judgments. We do not doubt that he was right in saying that if Mark Hanna had been President in 1898 war with Spain would never have been declared; at the same time, he could not see Mr. Hanna's relations to President McKinley in the same light in which that gentleman was viewed by the bulk of the American people. Similarly, Mr. Rhodes was often unable to recognize the influence of economic causes and questions upon the trend of events. He had a clear grasp of the relationship of the slavery question to the constitutional history of the country, but he was not as clear on the compelling force upon the South of the economic character of slavery, and the withering blight of that institution upon the economic life of the South—its exaltation of one crop, its consequent exhaustion of the soil, and the barriers to industrial development which King Cotton set up. None the less, Mr. Rhodes had a dignity of writing, a vision, and a comprehension of the times of which he treated which entitled him to every one of the honors bestowed upon him. He was good enough to say that he found no source more valuable in his writing on the periods from 1865 to 1897 than the New York *Nation* of that day. The present *Nation* differs in many respects from that which he praised, but it is at one with *The Nation* of Godkin in paying tribute to the business man who became one of the great American historians.

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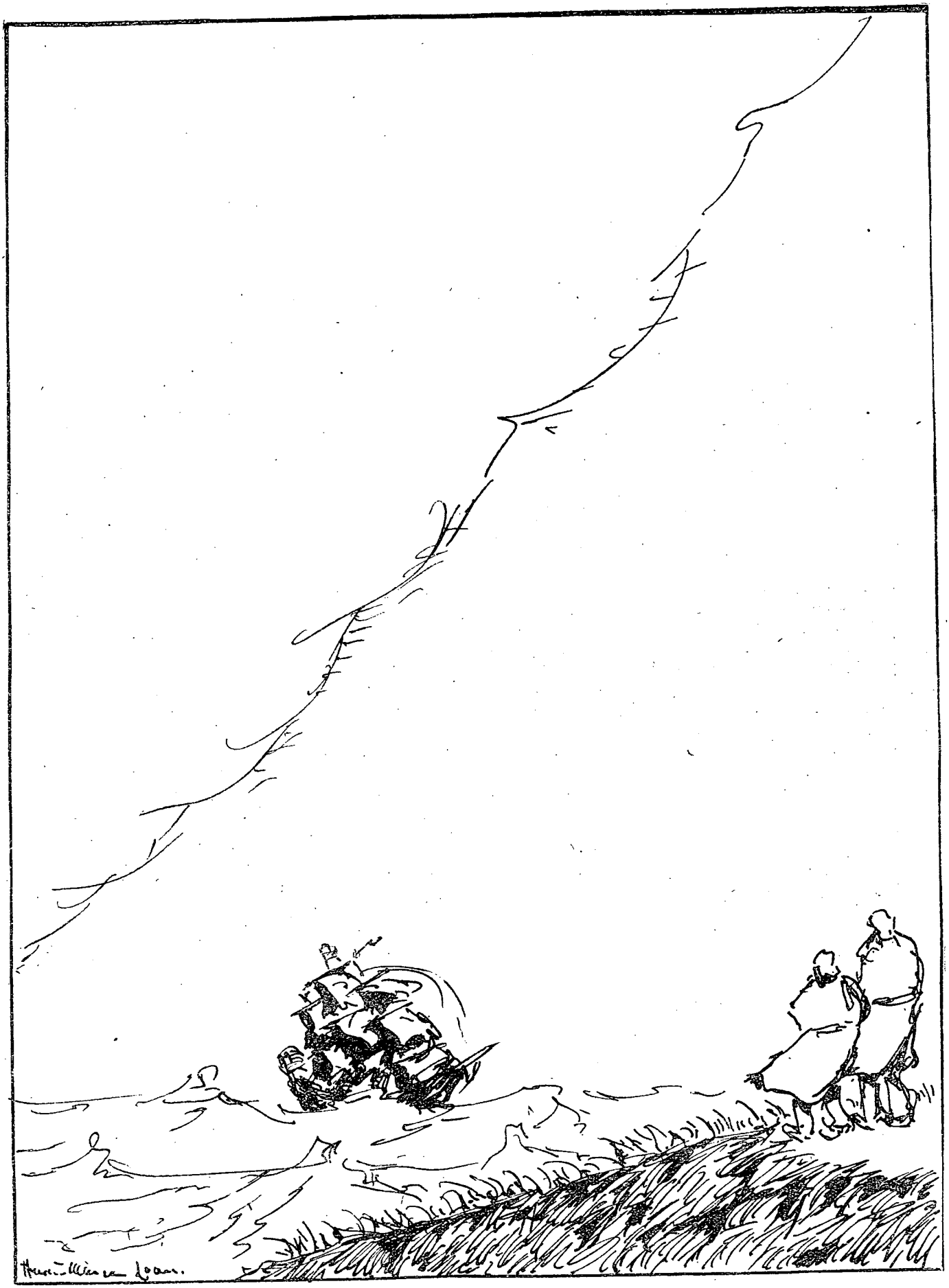

"The Ship of State seems to be in terrible difficulties."
"Yes! They need a new Skipper and First Mate."

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British Political Parties

By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

AT the crossing of the threshold of a new year we naturally attempt to answer for ourselves the cry: "Watchman! What of the dawn?" Our country has been going through something akin to a civil war during which the still small voice of reason has been drowned by strident slogans and shut out by deaf ears. What has been the effect on our politics?

I pass the Government first of all under review. It has lost ground as every by-election and the remarkable series of municipal elections in November show. In the contested elections its vote is reduced by about 20 per cent, while Labor's vote has risen by 7 per cent. Within the party itself there is widespread dissatisfaction and a serious loss of confidence which result in abstentions from the ballot box even when they do not mean a transfer of votes. It has suffered from bad trade for which it indeed bears much of the responsibility, and it has given a general appearance of flabbiness and lack of ability. Its friends feel it to be no credit to them, and its enemies despise it when their feelings are not akin to hatred. The great British Tory Government has been a failure.

But it must never be forgotten that the Tory Party in England is less a political than a social party—a party of status either attained or sought; a party of visiting lists. It is, therefore, a party of great coherence, and when its only rival is Labor there are no outlets from the compound of society except those that lead into the blank wilderness. Liberalism till the very end kept a few rich hostesses who gave "At Homes" attended by some "good people." The dinners and the dances of a Liberal hostess still figure occasionally in the *Times*. But this sort of thing is a virtual monopoly of the Tory Party, and so long as it is valued—and it is valued today pretty much as ever it was—it will be the wall of a political compound extraordinarily difficult to breach.

Failure and dissent within the Tory camp is, therefore, of much less political importance than within any other political camp, and one easily puts too much electoral importance upon it. Were this not so, the Government would not have a ghost of a chance of surviving the year.

In the House of Commons, the Government has fared badly except in the Division Lobbies, and in the debate on the final vote of censure it perhaps fared worst of all. It cannot extricate itself from what is universally recognized as its deplorable mess of the coal dispute. It is blessed, however, by the backing of a press overwhelming in its numbers and united in its support when there is any question at issue between the Government and the Opposition. Therefore, to the public the following morning a Government that had been whipped all over the ring the night before is presented as triumphant. But even such refereeing cannot for long hide the facts from the electors, and the by-elections are a dependable indication of what changes are taking place.

The Liberal Party makes no headway. My reports from two localities indicate that Mr. Lloyd George's land campaign is stirring nobody, that there is not enough political volume behind it to drive it. The disgrace of its candidate at Smethwick, which closed the political events of the year, was really a very serious blow to it. No old party can survive a series of elections in which it does so badly as to forfeit its deposit. Moreover, there is no unity in its ranks. When Mr. Lloyd George stays away from the House of Commons, the Liberals are individuals; when he is there, they are hostile groups. Lord Grey's recent speech at the Phillips's luncheon at the National Liberal Club has been resented by the party on account of its effect on party unity, but most Liberals I have met have admitted its truth and secretly enjoyed it. Lord Asquith seems to have gone completely. Had he been the virtual as well as the titular leader of the Liberal Party in 1923-1924, I do not believe he would have made the fatal speech at the National Liberal Club at the end of the former year, when he announced that, while about to put a Labor Government in office his was to see that they did as he told them. That speech, standing alone made an approach from Labor impossible at the time, and I believe he was much too old a hand not to see what he was doing. Later, it was really Mr. George's policy that ended the Labor Government and drove the Liberal Party headlong upon the rocks. There it has been a wreck ever since, and only a wasting company of enlisted and hardened Liberals (barely 2,000,000 if the country were now polled) support its candidates. It is turning out some good political studies at its summer schools and otherwise, for it has some men of great intellectual power still associated with it, and in this it is in contrast with the Tory Party whose efforts to produce anything of an educational character—including the Stott College for educating Tory propagandists—are a complete failure. Since the general election, the Liberal Party has not gained a single seat but has lost one; and there is less prospect than ever that men like Mr. Runciman and Mr. Wedgwood Benn will accept the present leadership.

The Labor Party steps into 1927 with the airs of a victorious party, and its trophies justify its airs. It is now plain that it holds well over 50 per cent of the votes of the industrial areas and that in the great majority of these constituencies it does not matter much whether Liberals or Tories combine against it or make a triangular fight of it. That is not so in rural constituencies. In these the Labor Party is still regarded as a queer phenomenon—an evidence of the errant town mind. At worst, in the teeth of Liberal and Tory opposition, at best without assistance from them, the Labor Government passed the Wages' Board Act for agricultural laborers and the immediate result was an improvement in these wages. That destroyed much prejudice, but the English countryside is slow to move and lies under the shadow of a most effective tyranny of landlord and farmer. To this day, it does not feel convinced of the secrecy of the ballot, and the Tory influences see to it that the suspicion lives long. But education spreads in the villages. Trade unionism, though not at all strong, has no mean influence in some districts; wireless is having an invigorating effect; and now after much consultation, diplomacy, and patient drafting and redrafting, the party has launched a comprehensive scheme for dealing with agri-

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cultural problems and has inaugurated a campaign that has aroused considerable interest in the villages. The prosecucution of this campaign will be the chief special work of the party this year.

The real danger ahead of the party is that its success is not all of its own making. The other parties are throwing success at its feet. Will it be ready for office when the time comes? Has it a clear conception of what it will do when in power? It is being threatened and hampered by slogans raised by its propaganda sections, like "Socialism in our time," which not only raise impossible expectations, but distract attention from immediate concerns. Nevertheless, the core of the movement is both practical and solid, and much thought is being given by it to this matter. The most baffling problem that confronts it is unemployment, and as regards that, the party knows that it must stimulate trade. It is of some significance that the live leaders of industry have shed their fears of a Labor Government, and recognize that such a government would be more successful than the present one in making the wheels of industry go round. The coal dispute has left it a prickly inheritance, but on that a Labor Government will certainly take its own line in reorganizing a trade that for a generation has been nothing but a breeding ground of industrial strife. In the meantime, the trade-union movement will have recovered from the staggering blow dealt it by the mining dispute and the events that accompanied it, and with a bolder handling of the Communist anti-parliamentary intrigues within its ranks, a closer cooperation with the Parliamentary Party will be secured. Therefore, it is my conviction that with a steadily augmenting support in the country, 1927 will see the Labor Party consolidating itself and preparing to resume the government of the country.

Bootlegging Religion

By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

ON January 5 the courts of New York, through the Appellate Division, Third Department, sustained the validity of a school regulation which is applied in 130 cities and villages in New York State, pursuant to which children are excused from school for one-half hour on Wednesday afternoons to attend religious instruction. Cards are sent through the teachers to the parents, who, on these cards, signify their willingness to have their children absent themselves from school for this purpose. The teacher must no doubt be satisfied that the child attends at the place of instruction for the remaining half hour of the school session. Those who are not sent to church remain in school, and in the case of the city of White Plains the time is made a study period. Through this method the child, as recompense for going to church, avoids one-half hour of school.

No doubt even the church people realize the triviality of one-half hour a week to offset the often-alleged criminal tendencies of modern children. Their admitted desire is not so much to provide religious instruction as to connect the church in some way with the schools. It may be argued that if a regulation providing for a half hour a week is legal, then a regulation for two hours a week or two hours a day would likewise be legal. But the court has held that "reasonableness in the method adopted is the test of . . . legality." So, from the court's point of view, the question is one more of time than of principle. The thought of connecting religion with the schools under the plan adopted is not disapproved.

The attack on the law is made by Joseph Lewis, as president of the Freethinkers' Society, who in the words of the brief charges that

> This is an endeavor to bootleg a forbidden product (religion) into the public schools. It may be a good product; it may be a bad one. It may be an article of tolerance, mercy, and love, and undiluted. It may have nothing in it of bigotry, hate, and ignorance.

The question of law involved in the case might be decided either way, which means that the decision depends upon the attitude of the judges toward such regulation. Mr. Justice Seeger in a case in Mount Vernon held the regulation to be illegal. In this, the White Plains case, Mr. Justice Staley held the regulation to be legal and his decision has been affirmed by the Appellate Court. The only difference between the two cases was that in the Mount Vernon case the cards were printed by school pupils on school printing machines. Thus there was a use of school property to some extent in connection with carrying out the regulation. But the teachers are likewise paid by the community and their school time is community property. A teacher must concern himself with distributing the cards and with checking up the child's absence. In principle there is little distinction between the two cases.

Under the education law a child is obliged to attend during the entire time in which the school is in session. The only exception relates to occasional absences not amounting to irregular attendance. Thus, taking the education law to mean what it says, the question of law would seem to be whether a regular program, pursuant to which all children who desire are excused at a regular time for a recognized purpose, leads to occasional absences not amounting to irregular attendance. These would seem more like regular absences amounting to regular inattendance. But the Appellate Court said that there were various policies in the schools which could not be adopted if there were "a blind and stubborn adherence to the strict letter of the statute."

Thus we come to the question of the intent of the law or of public policy concerning the separation of church and state. Matters of this kind usually have small beginnings. The position of the State Department of Education was supported by the Greater New York Federation of Churches and the New York Sunday School Association, as well as by the General Committee of Week-Day Religious Instructions in the City of White Plains, and an attorney representing a group of Washington, D. C., "Christian people." Behind the movement is the purpose of associating religious with secular instruction; the church and state should be separate but there should be a connecting bridge. The opposition answers that a school is composed of children representing all elements in the community. At 2:30 the Catholic children may be herded

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or may herd themselves together from whatever class in school they come, the Protestant children likewise, the Jewish children likewise; the Hindus, the Mohammedans, the Chinese, and the infidels remain in the classroom. Children are not always tolerant and considerate of one another. The Catholics become the "Micks," the Jews become "Kikes," the Protestants become "Ku Kluxers," and the rest become infidels. And the lines of division through the school, not formed by harmonious relationship from class association, become perpendicular, dividing children according to sect or religion. Records of attendance at church are kept by teachers. Each week the Catholic children feel a sympathetic closeness to a Catholic teacher and the others likewise, with a pressure, however slight, toward a particular church.

In the Appellate Division the court said:

> It is natural that parents should wish their children to have religious instruction at any favored opportunity. It is not thought wise that it should be given directly in the school but when children are assembled they may be sent elsewhere.

This is a dangerous beginning.

In a case dependent upon the attitude of the judiciary, which is inclined to be conservative, it is regrettable that the president of the Society of Freethinkers should alone be bringing an action which may have such momentous consequence. A majority sect always endeavors to exercise tyranny over the minority and the only protection for the religious minority is absolute equality without discrimination arising directly or indirectly from civil government. Any particular sect is in the minority. Every sect should itself be anxious to avoid religious meddling with the schools. All men should know that toleration was not found sufficient for the framers of our Constitution, but that equality was their goal—that there was to be such an absolute separation of church and state that civil establishments should be free from any connection whatever with religious institutions. If we provide for religious instruction half an hour of school time, some other sect, when it becomes dominant, will excuse children one hour a day and, with this as a precedent, another sect, perhaps anxious to avoid the necessity of establishing its own denominational schools, will provide for two hours a day; and still another will provide that the hours of release should occur during the biology or the geography or the astronomy hour, so that a youngster may learn only Bible biology and Bible geography and Bible astronomy.

But the courts will not carry the matter to its logical conclusion for they have founded their decision not on the letter of the statute, not on the meaning of the Constitution providing that there be no public aid for religious institutions, but on the question of reasonableness, which depends upon the attitude of very human judges. The judges in Tennessee are likewise human.

Humiliation

By KWEI CHEN

IT is already dark when I reach my home village. All the houses are lit. I see the lights from the window of my own home, and note particularly the friendly glow from my father's study. From afar I hear the barking of my dogs. My heart leaps—but this time with fear and sorrow more than joy. Usually I run as I descend the hillside path. Now I cannot run.

"Is this Ching-yü?"

It is a familiar voice and I look about me, over the rice-fields in the starlight. I stop and at once recognize the passerby. In his left hand as always he carries a large bamboo wine-bottle; in his right hand a basketful of bean-cakes. He is a good middle-aged farmer of our village.

"Yes, Elder-Brother Shen-wu."

In my village people still preserve the traditional courtesy, the younger people addressing their seniors as "Elder-Brother" or "Elder-Uncle," regardless of social position.

"You have grown since you went away to school," says the friendly farmer. "I can see it in the dark. Perhaps you are a match for your Second Elder-Brother or for your Elder-Cousin Hsu at least. But I forget! they will be growing up also, big boys by now! But where are they? They should have accompanied you?"

"They will return—later." I speak with hesitation.

"I hope," the farmer adds curiously, for he has noticed that I falter—"I hope that nothing has gone wrong? Your mother expected your arrival yesterday, according to your letter from the provincial capital. Well, don't let me detain you. You must be as eager to see your mother as she is to see you." Thus the good Shen-wu leaves me.

When I approach the fish pond in front of the house all my dogs dash forth to welcome me home. They run a few steps ahead of me to lead the way and then come back, bounding about my feet. When I enter the house they all follow, waving their tails.

I come into the dining-room. The family are there eating their supper. My mother is the first to see me, and she is the one whom I first see.

"Ah!" exclaims she, putting down her chopsticks and rising to meet me. "My expected one!"

"We were just talking about you, Third Elder-Brother," remarks my Younger-Sister, smiling. "Fifth Aunt worried so much, when she did not see you arrive yesterday. She had a nightmare last night. I told her that Father was sure all of you would come home safe today."

"Where is your Second Elder-Brother?" my father asks me, anxiously.

"He will be home after a day or two," I reply in a low voice.

"Has your Elder-Cousin Hsu come with you?" asks my mother quickly.

"No," I answer her. No longer can I keep the mournful secret. My tears fall like rain; my head burns violently.

"No, Mother," I continue, "Elder-Cousin Hsu has not come home, and never will. . . . He is dead. . . ."

"What!" my father cries out, bursting into tears. The lamps seem to burn less brightly.

"Poor Fifth Aunt!" It is my mother, weeping. She hides her face in her hands. "This will kill her. . . ."

"Listen!" declares my father, drying his eyes. "Not a word of Hsu's death should be spoken outside this room.

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How is it," he asks, looking at me, "it happened so suddenly? Tell the whole story."

I strive to collect myself.

"Three days ago, in the provincial capital," I begin, "early in the morning Second Elder-Brother, Elder-Cousin Hsu, and I reached the railway station. There was a big crowd as usual. Elder-Cousin Hsu joined the line to buy our tickets. Suddenly there came a drunken foreigner—a tall man with red hair and a hawk's nose. Disregarding the waiting line, he tried to crowd in first at the ticket window. He forced out Elder-Cousin Hsu, who was second in line. Elder-Cousin Hsu protested: 'Do you not see the line?' The foreigner did not reply, but struck Elder-Cousin on the cheek! Elder-Cousin kicked back. The foreigner again struck Elder-Cousin, and he fell to the ground! 'Do you fear me now?' cried the foreigner, threatening him with his fist. Elder-Cousin jumped up, sprang at the foreigner. Although the foreigner was big as a bull, Elder-Cousin Hsu fought like a panther! But a watchman seized hold, and stopped him.

"'Did you not see what the foreigner did to me?' said Elder-Cousin to the watchman. 'You ask the others about it!'

"One of the young students stepped out and told what had happened, and all of us—for there were many students returning from school—shouted: 'Arrest the foreigner! Arrest the foreigner!' But the watchman would not move!

"'There is no use to arrest him,' said he.

"'How can you say that!' one of the students cried out angrily. 'Can you fold your hands in your sleeves when you see a foreigner strike your own people? What do you do here? You, a watchman!'

"The watchman began to explain: 'What use to arrest him? We Chinese cannot punish a foreigner in accordance with our law! He will be handed over to the consul of his country—freed without punishment.'

"Elder-Cousin Hsu had become faint and was leaning heavily against my shoulder; his mouth was bleeding. Second Elder-Brother and I wept. So did the other young students. As for the foreigner, he had his ticket and was gone, laughing contemptuously.

"A few minutes later," I continue, "Elder-Cousin recovered a little. He still spat blood. His face was very pale. He was murmuring to himself, sobbing: 'Humiliation . . . Humiliation . . .' His words cut into my heart. I wished to console him, but I could do nothing but weep. My eyes were two fountains, flowing incessantly. Second Elder-Brother, however, remained more calm. 'Dear Cousin,' he said, 'the humiliation is as much mine as it is yours. It is our nation's humiliation! Take care of yourself. He who always does wrong will slay himself, so our sages say. Some day these foreigners will learn to obey our laws!'

"Now the train gave a whistle, preparatory to leaving. Second Elder-Brother had gone to buy us the tickets at the last minute. Elder-Cousin Hsu remained with me, still in tears: 'I who was born of an honorable family to be thus humiliated by a foreigner! No, I am humiliated by my own people—the cowards! They all hate the foreigners, but crouch before them, like pigs for the slaughter! . . . Why do I live? To be humiliated, like a slave, like a dog! With what face can I meet other people, my mother? Oh! how dare I see my mother! No, no . . .' Meanwhile he was spitting more blood."

"Poor child . . ." my mother interrupts, "he ought to have known that his mother would not choose to live without him, her only child. Woe is Fate that takes from the widowed mother the most cherished hope of her life! Seventeen years ago, Ching-yü my son, about three months before your Elder-Cousin Hsu was born, your Fifth Uncle died. He was an honorable man, loved by all who knew him. Your Fifth Aunt was then but twenty-one years old. At your Fifth Uncle's sick-bed she said: 'Our love is of the unusual kind. I will not live alone, if you are to leave me. But in about three months, I shall bear you a child, which will be the continuation of our love. I will, then, live with our child, or die without it.' Ah, what a disciplined woman! What a faithful wife and a wise mother! In these past seventeen years she has devoted all her time and attention to bringing up and educating her son, who had become so hopeful, and so worthy of his family name."

"When Second Elder-Brother returned with our tickets," I resume, "Elder-Cousin stood up, intending to walk to the train by himself. But Second Elder-Brother and I insisted on supporting him. 'We shall see,' said Second Elder-Brother to Elder-Cousin Hsu. 'If you are too ill to ride on the train, we can get off at the first stop.' 'Don't worry,' Elder-Cousin Hsu replied, smiling. 'I shall be all right. I feel better.'

"On the train he slept most of the time, and said nothing except to tell me about how many of his books I could have, since he had finished high school and would need them no longer. He appeared quite composed.

"Late in the afternoon, while the train was approaching our destination, he rose, saying that he wanted to go to the wash-room. Ten minutes elapsed, but he did not come back. Suddenly the train stopped on the middle of the bridge over the Green River. Two railway watchmen appeared in the doorway, calling out:

"'A young man has committed suicide! He threw himself out of the window of a wash-room and jumped into the river. Has he any relatives or friends on the train, or does any one know of him?'

"Oh, frightful! frightful! I trembled and wept. All over my body there was cold sweat.

"Second Elder-Brother ran toward the watchmen, stammering: 'I . . . I have a cousin . . . He went to the wash-room, and has not come back!' He disappeared immediately with the watchmen, and left me alone weeping.

"Soon Second Elder-Brother returned, with a piece of paper in his hand. 'Read, Younger-Brother,' said he. 'This is the last word left by our cousin.' I read:

"'Cousins:

"'I am gone! I am gone forever!

"'I can not live any longer in this world.

"'The land of humiliation is not mine.

"'Hsu.'

"The watchmen came: 'One of you must stop off. The train must go on.' Second Elder-Brother turned to me: 'Younger-Brother, you go home first. I get off here to search for our cousin's body. Take care, don't let Fifth Aunt see you mourning.' So second Elder-Brother left me. I came home as soon as possible. Now I have told it."

* * * * *

My Fifth Aunt and her son were buried together. Today in my village the people sing:

"Heaven makes sudden changes;
Men have unexpected calamities!
The Chen family had a son;
He refused to live in humiliation!"

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A New Slavery in South Africa

By LORD OLIVIER

THE South African Union Government, which is a coalition of the Nationalist (predominantly Dutch) Party and the (White) Labor Party, alarmed at the forecast made in the Report on the Census of 1921 of the rate of increase of the Native population as compared with the European, is taking in hand a comprehensive program of legislation* with a view to arresting social developments which are regarded by the Government's supporters as a menace to white supremacy. There is strong division of local opinion and feeling: important parts of the policy being opposed by those, especially in the Cape Province, who adhere to the traditional British principles of equal treatment of colored and white races.

It is proposed to withdraw the political franchise from members of the Native races, who now enjoy it in the Cape Province, and to withhold it in the other provinces, where they have not yet been allowed it; to restrict the right of owning real property by Natives to particular areas and by what is known as the Color-Bar Law, recently passed; to prohibit the employment of Natives in any work in which machinery is used and in any other industry which the Government may hereafter proclaim. No Native, unless he owns land in a permitted area, is to be allowed to live outside the Native reserves except as a bonded servant to a white man, liable to punishment under the Masters and Servants Law.

The whole morale of South African society and industry has been vitiated by the fact that the original Cape Settlement was established upon imported slave labor, and that the white people have never since got rid of the mentality of a slave-based society. From slavery time onwards, all manual labor has been and still is regarded as work unfit for a white man, and only fit for a black. Further, the result of this tradition, combined with land monopoly, has produced a class of "poor whites," who have never learned to work and for whom it would be a disloyalty to the traditions of white society to be willing to work except in the position of bosses. On the basis of this tradition, such capitalized industry as has been set up in South Africa in supplement to the original patriarchal farming and pastoral industry (in which these relations of white and black were comparatively innocuous) has been established on the theory that all the manual labor must be done by Kaffirs at Kaffir wages. When the sugar industry was started in Natal white labor was therefore not available and the industry could not, as it was later in Queensland, be developed on a basis of white man's wages. Natives neither would nor could undertake plantation labor. Indian indentured coolies were therefore imported. This laid the foundations of the Natal Asiatic trouble and reinforced the theory that all labor must be done by non-Europeans at wages insufficient for white men.

The mining industry (diamonds and gold) was founded upon the same theory, and it is clearly brought out in the report rendered last spring by the Union Government's Economic and Wages Commission that the South African mines are now capitalized and can only be worked on a system whereby one white man is employed in combination with, on an average, twelve or thirteen black men. These Natives do not in fact do only manual labor; they do skilled and semi-skilled work with machines under white direction. But a white contractor, working with Natives, alone gets the skilled man's pay; the Natives get Kaffir unskilled pay. White men are paid on the average about ten times as much as the black, whose wages are kept down by the white land monopoly. Wages are further kept down by the importation of laborers from Portuguese East Africa, who are forced out of their own country by the exactions of the Portuguese Government, as testified in the recent report of Professor Ross, of Wisconsin University. Kaffir farm wages average about 12 cents a day, with rations. Kaffir mining wages have a maximum of 54 cents a day.

The real wages of white miners on the Witwatersrand are higher than anywhere else in the world except in a few cities of the United States. "These high wages," the Economic Commission declare, are paid and can only be paid "largely at the expense of the Native workers." "White wages are high because Native wages are low."

The mines are over-capitalized on a scale at which they can only be kept running on a basis of underpaid Native labor. The Native's wage is not sufficient for the full maintenance of himself and his family, to whom, after serving his contract, he returns, as the Irish harvest-laborer used to return from England. Far less is such a wage sufficient for white men. If the mines had to pay living wages all round they would have to reduce output and discharge many white men.

Hence the association of the South African Labor Party with the Afrikander Native repression policy.

The Economic Commission are explicit in their verdict that the Color-Bar Law will not mend matters in South Africa. They say that the only way to deal with South African trouble is to get rid of the superstition that white men cannot do manual labor, to provide a sufficiency of land for the natives, to break up the great monopoly holdings of land syndicates and settle the "poor whites" as working farmers on them, to stop the importation of laborers from Portuguese territory, and to increase generally the wages of unskilled laborers so that the standard of living of the Natives may be raised and they become better customers for the services of the skilled white man.

Some apologists argue that as the white man is racially superior to the black, he is justified in seeking to maintain his position by preventing the Native from attaining equality with him. That sort of self-deceiving pseudo-Darwinian claptrap is indicative of the kind of argument used in defense of the South African white Labor policy. It is claptrap because, in the first place, not all white men, on any scale of human valuations, are superior to all black, and a great many white men are inferior to a good many black. There are a great many educated black South Africans who show much more intelligence in regard to the essentials of this question than whites who thus argue. They admit that the white man must not allow himself to be pulled down by the competition in the capitalist labor market of workers with a lower standard of

* The proposed laws are discussed in detail by Professor R. F. Alfred Hoernle in this week's International Relations Section.—EDITOR.

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living: but they point out that the way to prevent that is the way recommended by the Economic Commission, and that it can be done by the use of the Wages Regulation Laws already set up in South Africa. Whatever white South Africans may think, the Native and his spokesmen simply do not admit their theory that they, being a superior race, are entitled to hold the Native down as an unskilled laborer and forbid him equal opportunities of learning to exercise his capacities and of earning equal pay for equal work. Thousands of South African Europeans, the councils of all religious denominations (save the Dutch Reformed Church), and, it must uncompromisingly be said, all the more intelligent leaders of the community hold the same view. The program of General Hertzog's policy for binding down the Native as a laborer on the land, and of the Labor Party's policy of keeping him on unskilled wages as a manual laborer, owes its political support to the worst-educated and most obstinately reactionary class in the community, the Afrikander farmers, with whom the South African Labor Party have temporarily allied themselves.

It is futile to imagine that this policy of keeping the Native in his place is going to establish the supremacy of white civilization. It is diametrically opposed to everything that has made white civilization. The British Labor Party's declared policy in regard to dealings with Native races explicitly and categorically condemns it. It is largely this theory, as I have said, that has produced the South African problem of the "poor white" class. It is also, in fact, an impossible policy. There are already two and one-half millions of detribalized natives intimately associated with and intermixed in the white man's society, doing every kind of manual work and domestic service, as against two million still in tribal organizations, and the only way to arrest the progress of common degradation is to raise the standards of Native life by allowing them facilities for education and the privileges long established in the Cape Colony policy of equal rights for all men of equal civilization.

If the attempt to maintain the repressionist and color-bar policy should be persisted in, it is not the Natives that, in the long run, will be defeated. It is not they, but the white race, that have shown the first symptoms of degeneration—a degeneration entirely due to their own perverse social theory. The Native is at present desirous and disposed to adapt himself to the life of European civilization: and if white men worthy of that civilization continue to assist him to do so, South African society will develop on stable lines.

Shall Women Be Protected?

By VALESKA BARI

ALL the laws passed by the various States to shorten the working hours of women, to protect them from starvation wages and from the strains of night work are again threatened by the renewed campaign for the Blanket Amendment. The right of the normal woman to her freedom is argued against the theory that the state should restrict the liberty of all women in order to protect the helpless. On either side the theories are convincing; discussion of them brings us flatly to the question, What does protective legislation mean in our national life?

We class these laws as labor laws but they have been held constitutional only on the grounds that they are health measures, designed to protect women as potential mothers. On this biological basis we restrict women from the freedom of contract which the Constitution guarantees to citizens in general. Logically, we might expect that the administration of such measures would be given to the health authorities so that enforcement could be directed with a rounded awareness of all working conditions which might be harmful to women in their biological functions, but nowhere are the laws enforced as health measures. The muddle of protective legislation is due mainly to this basic subterfuge.

Other countries have enacted legislation controlling the conditions of employment for women compared to which our laws are mere gestures, and those laws have been accepted by industry because they rest upon definite and responsible foundations. Imperial Germany, with an eye on world domination, developed a complete system of protecting all the workers—men, women, and children—on the theory that the citizens existed for the benefit of the state, and the state was protecting its property. Britain has enacted legislation which to us appears highly socialistic but which is understandable on the basis of fixed classes: the recognition of a ruling class carrying with it the responsibility of that class for those beneath it, and the fixed position of the laboring class. Australia's labor legislation is a recognition of union principles, the controlling class placing the stamp of official approval on its own regulations.

Our protective legislation, in contrast, is chiefly an outgrowth of charity. Our charities grew from a personal and volunteer to a professional and organized basis, then widened into social agencies which discovered that many of the persons they were called upon to assist were the human wreckage of industry. In seeking to get at the roots welfare workers lent their strength to the movement which labor was making to obtain politically what it was too weak to obtain by industrial organization.

The attitude of labor toward protective legislation is a confused mixture of aggression and defense. Organized labor has had no clear policy concerning political action. Few women have been organized into unions. Some of the leaders who hoped to organize the mass of women have opposed the passage of laws which would wipe out the incentives to organization, and others, losing faith in the possibility of getting women to join unions, have accepted the viewpoint that the struggle for organization was a man's fight and that the women should be taken off the industrial firing line and placed behind a barricade of protective laws. Most of the women of organized labor have worked valiantly for ameliorative laws, partly hoping for the prestige of victory and the chance to use the administration of the laws to the general advantage of organized labor, but largely from a genuinely altruistic desire to improve the conditions of all working women. They have

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been responsible for introducing many of the bills to shorten the working hours of women and to curtail night work, even though they knew that such laws would lessen the incentives to unionization. To minimum-wage legislation they have given little support—and at times active opposition—but minimum wage has been from the start a reformers' and not a union program, and labor has been suspicious of surrendering the control of wages to boards on which it would have only a minority vote.

The officials to whom the enforcement of these laws has been given have been drawn partly from organized labor, partly from the social-welfare group, and partly from groups chosen for political reasons. More have been appointed from the ranks of labor than their political effectiveness warranted, but often these appointees have been the "old war horses" of the labor movement rather than the more aggressive younger blood, and they have taken their positions rather as rewards for past services than as opportunities for constructive use of the power given to them. It is a matter of interest, at times of discouragement, to observe how little is often accomplished by labor representatives when given the enforcement of labor laws. They are, of course, seldom given a free hand from above as few governors would stand back of a policy which would irritate business interests. They are hampered in taking cases to court as usually they have to employ the legal services of public prosecutors both ignorant and suspicious of social-welfare legislation.

The position of a labor representative enforcing a labor law is far from easy. He can hardly be expected to prosecute a union establishment as readily as a non-union shop; for this there is considerable justification in spirit if not in the letter of the law. The union recognizes the principle of overtime work and overtime pay, and this overtime pay serves not only as a deterrent to extra work but also it pays for some "extra" which either actually or psychologically tends to offset the strain of additional work. A non-union shop usually does not pay for overtime, particularly if in violation of the law—partly for the reason that the extra wage would constitute evidence of the violation. The recognition of the union by an employer gives the workers a greater degree of protection, and a more tangible protection, than is given by protective laws. If all the workers belonged to unions protective laws as we now have them would be unnecessary; consequently it is only natural that labor representatives should consider protective legislation as a political substitute for organization, to be enforced only against non-union establishments. This point of view, while almost unavoidable, is of course quite without the law. It makes protective legislation, as administered by labor representatives, a weapon in the struggle between workers and employers and reduces the scientific bases, such as those of strain and fatigue, to mere subterfuges.

A further weakness of enforcement by labor people is that they know too much of the conditions they are called upon to improve. They know all the practical, workroom difficulties of the present system and by familiarity are tolerant where an outsider, less aware of the difficulties, by the very attitude of being unreasonable would force industry to direct more of its brains and imagination toward improving conditions.

Where the enforcement of protective legislation is given to members of the social-welfare group they have usually found themselves stranded like orphans in an alien world. The background of the social worker consists of a half knowledge of economics, sociology, public health, and kindred subjects. In seeking the passage of such laws the group argues not merely in general humanitarian terms that the long working day, low wages, and night work are harmful to the individual woman and her family but also that they are directly and indirectly inefficient, and harmful to industry itself. On this basis the enactment of such measures becomes a matter of giving the advocates a chance to use the force of law to demonstrate their point. Herein lies the essential difference between protective legislation gained by the efforts of reformers and laws gained by the strength of labor. The police club of enforcement is needed to compel attention, but the effort of the law should be directed toward changing the viewpoint of industry. For instance, the object of enforcing an eight-hour law should be to demonstrate that long hours are bad business practice. So, too, with low wages and night work; once get industry to realize that they mean inefficiency and higher costs and business will exert itself to solve the problem.

There are two approaches whereby officials enforcing protective legislation can carry their point. One is by knowing more than business knows and by telling business exactly what to do to correct its shortcomings. The other method is by using the force of law to irritate business into solving the problems in self-defense. Either method would be effective but the social-welfare group has neither the knowledge necessary for first-class scientific administration on the one hand nor the courage and dramatic insight requisite for first-class propaganda on the other; consequently, its enforcement of protective laws has been a muddled mixture of the two.

Most enforcement officials have utterly failed to realize that protective legislation occupies much the same relation to industry as does a guard placed around a dangerous machine, which serves to prevent the operator from being hurt but which is usually hampering to the worker who desires to turn out a creditable amount of product. The guard is clumsy because it was not designed as part of the process; such a guard should be considered merely a temporary expedient. The next step is to build a new machine whose operation will embody the principle of safety to the operator.

The foundations of protective legislation are muddled and its administration has been muddled, but to abolish the whole structure would not necessarily clarify the situation. To remove the special legislation which has been enacted because of the biological functions of woman would not change the physical handicaps of those functions or their importance to society but would only grant the doubtful benefit of an eighteenth-century liberty to engage in twentieth-century industry. But in bringing to public consideration the whole question of protective legislation, in questioning its value and pointing out its weaknesses and inconsistencies, the agitation for an amendment which would wipe all such laws from the statute-books is rendering signal service. It has reduced protective legislation from its niche of sacredness and permanence to its proper position as a temporary expedient, and it has stimulated thought as to the possible solution by industrial means of the problems which protective legislation is striving to meet by legal and political means.

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The Cleveland Reservoir

By ELBERT PEETS

OUR drinking water, in Cleveland, is stored in a covered reservoir. The reservoir keeps the water clear and cool, and to do that as effectively and economically as possible is its only reason for existing. Quite incidentally, it is an architectural masterpiece.

It is called the Baldwin Reservoir. (Actually there are two, but I shall use the singular number because they are exactly alike.) It is a subterranean room about five hundred feet square, surrounded by concrete walls, paved with concrete and covered with a roof of intersecting flattened barrel-vaults of concrete carried on round concrete piers. The crown of the vaults is forty feet above the floor. The piers, which are thirty inches thick, are about twenty feet apart both ways. The only openings are a few small manholes in the ceiling.

The beauty of the Great Hall of Cleveland is first of all in its vast extent—its six hundred columns, its fifty aisles. But it has delicacy, too. The aisles are pleasantly proportioned in cross section. The columns are spread conically at the floor, an unpleasant shape but at a distance softening into a simplified diagram of an architectural column base. At the top there is a rather bungling transition from round to square to meet the square springing of the vaults, but here again, with almost pathetic lack of affectation, the aesthetic function of a capital is expressed.

There is nothing quite like it anywhere. Each aisle has about the proportions of the side aisles of a moderately high Gothic church, Winchester Cathedral for example, though the flattened vaults remind one of later Gothic buildings such as St. George's Chapel, Windsor. But for the great area, the forest of equispaced columns, the precedents are ancient. That is a hot-climate, Mediterranean idea. The great hall in the temple of Ammon at Karnak was 160 by 320 feet and contained 134 columns. The Hall of a Hundred Columns at Persepolis had just a quarter the area of the Cleveland hall, but its ceiling was twenty feet higher.

For the "public inspection" in 1925, before the reservoir was flooded, a few aisles along the west wall were lit by hanging an electric bulb close to the ceiling in every fourth or fifth bay. The rest of the hall was dark save for a few "Jove's eyes" where manholes had been left open. The warm yellowish electric light spread out from each of the lit bays and laid a net of radiating column shadows on the floor. The curved shapes of the springing vaults, caught by the shadows of the vaults nearer the lights, produced a fantastic mosaic of interwoven spots and lines varying from bright gold through every shade of warm gray to deep soft black. The columns were halved and quartered by the shadows of other columns or were picked out of the darkness by narrow tangent strips of light.

In search of new aspects I wandered out from the lit bays into the dark forest of columns. A dozen bays deep in it, when I looked back along an aisle I saw a bluntly bullet-shaped area of warm gray concrete wall, streaked with vertical shadows and framed by the lighter lines of the more directly lit columns near it. Nearer me the columns became less and less light. There was a similar gradation of light in the ceiling, not uniform but flecked with light and dark as rays or shadows caught the surfaces of the groined vault. Across the bottom of this deep stage-setting moved a line of little people silhouetted against the bright wall, so far away that I could not hear their voices or tell whether they were looking out into the darkness toward me.

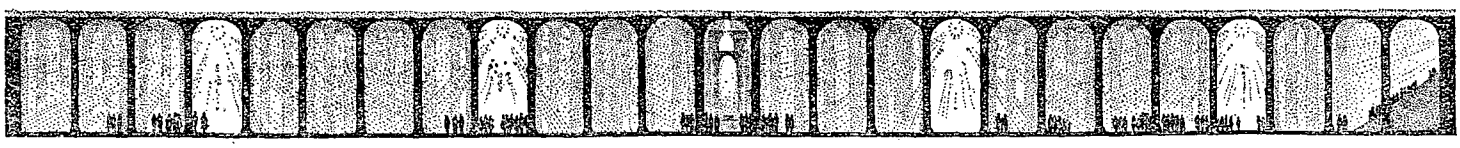
Another fine view was from north to south along a dark aisle in which there was an open manhole in the top of the last bay. Everything around me was jet black. In the distance again the bullet shape, this time not of warm light but cool silver, the white light streaming down through the manhole and along the gray columns, spreading out on the floor to form a white line from one base to the other.

The view which had most of "art" in it was a concrete stand-pipe, seen from about two hundred feet away, along the aisle in which it stood. The front of the enormous pipe was lit by an open manhole just above it. The white light flooded down along the gray cylinder, broken only by the black drooping shadow under a flange-offset ten feet from the top. Each side of the cylinder darkened into shadow, but just at the turning was a pale line of ruddy light from the electric bulbs. On the floor some ponderous valve-affair served as altar and a dark crowd of pigmy worshipers stood with heads uplifted as the high-priest chanted "Ten million cubic feet, two million dollars." . . . Everywhere I was surrounded by a star of diagonal vistas, narrower, more sharply crowned, more Gothic than the full views down the aisles.

No architect ever lived who would not stand in silent wonder in this Hall of Six Hundred Columns. It is an abstraction, a song in some nameless mother-language that everyone understands. It is the work of a law, of a formula ruling over space and mass—rather, perhaps, a law brought into the range of our feelings by being stated in the most fundamental, most simple terms of human need for formal perfection. It is the product of man's desire for order, freed from the old conventions of architecture by the new conventions of engineering.

The great beauty of the reservoir is its simplicity and purity. Nothing is petty, nothing is irrelevant, nothing is boastful, nothing tells a story, nothing mumbles the names of gods, men, or races—nothing is human. There are no windows, no doors, almost no light, no sign of human use, not even a stone cut small so men could lift it. And yet it is superbly human. Beside it the formless jumble of nature becomes a congeries of wilful antics. It is so human that in an hour it became very dear to me. Its floor's level firmness gives my body the safest and most assuring relation to the earth; the solid ceiling, curving from pier to pier, does not weigh upon me and yet protects me from all the unknown things of the air. The strong round columns seem human, make me feel taller and stronger. My eye follows them as they march away into the shadow and I actually touch and measure and embrace the space that surrounds me. I live at last in a cosmos.

And we built it to cool our drinking water.



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In the Driftway

WHAT are the ten most beautiful things in New York City? The New York State Federation of Women's Clubs has set the Drifter thinking on the subject by offering prizes for the best answers.

* * * * *

THOSE in charge of the contest made some suggestions, in announcing it, in regard to subjects: a statue or painting, a stained-glass window, the span of a bridge, the tower of a skyscraper, a secluded corner or bit of landscape gardening in a park, a view from a given point. The Drifter is inclined to rule out statues or paintings in galleries. There are plenty of beautiful ones; so many that a choice of one or two would be unsatisfactory. But such works belong only accidentally to New York. Few were created there, and any might be transferred tomorrow to St. Louis or San Francisco, where they would be as beautiful. Outdoor statuary, when designed to stand in a particular place, may be as integral a part of the city as its architecture. The abounding and intrinsic beauty of New York, the Drifter thinks, is in its outdoor vistas and panoramas, the glorious glimpses of or from streets, buildings, bridges, and parks.

* * * * *

THE Woolworth Tower will be included by nine out of ten contestants, and the Brooklyn Bridge will be a choice of many. It would be mere snobbishness on the Drifter's part to pass them over for this reason. He thinks they deserve a place, no matter how many others agree with him. They shall go at the top of the Drifter's list—or would if he weren't sure to forget to send one in. Another thing. The Drifter sees no reason for confining his list of New York City's beauties to iron and stone, to trees and grass and water and sky. Is not the most beautiful thing in New York the humanity within it? Has the city anything more worth looking at than the faces of some of the aged Jews of its East Side; the sheer loveliness of the Italian children of Mulberry, Mott, or Elizabeth Street; the morning parade of the babies—yes, and their nurses—in Central Park; the flow of eager, confident youth on Broadway or Fifth Avenue?

* * * * *

ENOUGH of palaver. Here is the Drifter's practice list:

1. The tower of the Woolworth Building from anywhere at any time.

2. The far-flung span of the Brooklyn Bridge from almost underneath it on South Street.

3. The noonday parade of New York's young-women office workers on lower Broadway.

4. The equestrian statue of General Sherman at the southeast corner of Central Park.

5. Washington Square after a snowfall, looking from a third- or fourth-story window on the south side across the park to the mellow row of old houses on the north.

6. The beach at Rockaway Park on a bright Sunday afternoon in summer when the sand is swarming with gay umbrellas, bathing suits of still brighter plumage—and humanity.

7. The view of lower Manhattan, the East River, and Brooklyn Bridge from the terrace at the foot of Montague Street about 5:30 on a December afternoon, when, though it is dark outside, the downtown buildings are still illuminated.

8. The dogwood grove in the northwest corner of Van Cortlandt Park when abloom in the spring.

9. The pushcart market on Grand Street on Saturday night.

10. High Bridge by moonlight from the banks of the Harlem River.

11. The view east from the Serpentine Road, Staten Island, with the valley below, New York Bay, and a panorama of Brooklyn.

12. The view southeast from the small lake in Central Park during a misty twilight, taking in the top of the Plaza Hotel.

* * * * *

BUT here are twelve, while only ten were called for. No matter. Anybody who has ever lived in New York knows that its ten most beautiful things number at least forty or fifty.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Catholic Replies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You must have never read the Pastoral Letter of the Catholic Episcopate of the United States on the Religious Situation in Mexico. Do you really want to know where the Catholics of the United States stand in regard to the present situation in Mexico? Open that pastoral letter and you will be told as plainly as possible that

> The second human remedy [the sword] is equally hopeless, for Christian principles forbid the church founded by the Prince of Peace to take up the sword or to rely upon such carnal weapons as the inflamed passions of men would select. If the church has learned many things in her life of two thousand years the principal lesson came from the patience of her Divine Founder. . . . She has learned how to suffer. . . . The weapons of men are not for her. But, if these human weapons the church will not use, she has one that well fits her hand, armored as it is in justice and in truth. She has prayer. . . . The hatred of men may spurn it. The malice of men may curse it. The unbelief of men may mock it. But its hope is in a Promise and its power is in a Faith.

The answer to your question, What about the Catholics? has been given by all the Catholic bishops of this country. All of the New York dailies commented on it and carried excerpts and the Knights of Columbus sent a copy of it to every member of the order. Where, in the name of common sense, were you?

Columbus, Ohio, January 23 F. DREES

Kellogg Needs Memory Training

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I call your attention to a treaty signed between the United States and the governments of Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica in February, 1923, and proclaimed (and thus brought into force) in June, 1925.

This treaty contains the following article:

> When two or more of the Contracting Parties shall have failed to adjust satisfactorily through diplomatic channels a controversy originating in some divergence or difference of opinion regarding questions of fact, relative to failure to comply with the provisions of any of the treaties or conventions existing between them and which affect neither the sovereign and independent existence of any of the signatory Republics, nor their honor or vital interests, the parties bind themselves to institute a Commission of Inquiry with the object of facilitating the set-

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tlement of the dispute by means of an impartial inquiry into the facts.

This obligation ceases if the parties in dispute should agree by common accord to submit the question to arbitration or to the decision of another tribunal.

A Commission of Inquiry shall not be formed except at the request of one of the parties directly interested in the investigation of the facts which it is sought to elucidate.

Aren't we grand at making treaties—and forgetting them?

Seattle, Washington, January 25 ADDISON SIMS

The Rape of Syria

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The leading French paper in Syria cheers because at last there has been a victory over the Syrians; a young French officer has been able to lead a band of hired Circassians, the most cruel of brigands, against a people living in their own country! The French officer is an alien; the Circassians are aliens; they are hired by money which, in the last analysis, is American, to smash a mild people, protesting as best they can against an iniquity.

Some thirty thousand of the finest young Syrian men have been killed; some of the oldest historical houses in Damascus have been destroyed, and their families—old Moslem families—made refugees. There are thousands of homeless people in Damascus and over the frontier, all because they were trying to live up to what American missionaries had taught them and what Syrians had learned in America of American ideals. Is it really worth while, all of this devotion on the part of American well-wishers and American teachers, running through two generations, if, when they accept our friendly advances and try to act up to our teachings, we give them no help?

When the French came into Syria in 1920, the people of Palestine and Syria, following perfectly clear promises made to them during the war and afterward, had set about establishing a government. They had chosen a Constituent Assembly that would be an honor to any of our own States, and elected a king upon whom both Moslems and Christians united. This promising little government was immediately smashed with machine-guns. The French took over all of the metal money, some £12,000,000, and forced a paper currency upon the people. They tried to disarm the whole population and largely succeeded, and imposed a cruel, incompetent, and expensive government.

With the meagerest resources, however, the best of the Syrians took up the fight under the direction of the foremost physician of Damascus. They have received no outside help and have won most of their fighting material in victories over the French. The French hired Circassians and Senegambians to do their worst work with the understanding that they could commit any kind of abominations. Many villages containing only women and children have been bombed.

After thoroughly ruining the country, the French are now demanding that the Syrians pay their share of the old Turkish debt. The French don't talk about cancelation of debts out here! One wonders what Lafayette would have thought about this whole enterprise!

Damascus, Syria, January 2 AMERICANUS

The Maid Militant Too

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article, The Making of a Militant, may be a fine autobiography of the militant middle-class woman. She conveys the idea that maids should be employed to do housework, to which the woman with some knowledge of algebra, advanced geometry, Greek, Latin, or old Norse should not stoop. It would be interesting to know the attitude of the maid. Why should there not be greater compensation for drudgery than for parlor and office work even if we do write and picture world problems in the interest of those who can best afford to pay. This militant's ideas parallel those of medieval times, when knighthood was in flower and the large majority were worse than slaves. Most people in this land of plenty would be only too glad to cook elaborate Sunday dinners, but they are denied that privilege by a well-guided public opinion engineered by well-paid writers.

Erskine, Minnesota, December 5 CARL BERG

"By and Large"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I point out that this phrase is recognized in the New English Dictionary not only under "by," as stated in this week's *Nation*, but also under "large," where an example dated 1704 is given of its figurative sense "in one direction and another, all ways"? And Thornton, in his American Glossary, cites examples ranging from 1833 to 1906. Thus the phrase, though often in recent years animadverted upon both in England (where it appears to be regarded as an Americanism) and in this country, has been established for over two centuries. Unless my memory is treacherous, it was once the subject of one of those learned letters that the late Dr. Fitzedward Hall used to contribute to *The Nation* in the eighteen eighties.

Boston, January 14 ELBERT MATTHEWS

Germans Also Gave

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Louis Fischer, in his otherwise excellent article, Communism . . . A Religion?, is at fault when he asserts that "German workers . . . could not be roused to . . . even give alms" toward the cause of the British miners. German workers, despite their own ills, contributed considerable sums.

Brooklyn, N. Y., December 26 THEODORE SINGER

Cruisers and Gun Caliber

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The agitation in Congress over additional cruisers for our navy (in view of the discovery that the cruiser ratio is 5 to 2.35 to 1.88, the first figure representing Great Britain, the second Japan, the third the United States) may justify this belated correction of an error I made in *The Nation* of July 21, last, under the title, Evading the Washington Treaty. The article dealt with the utilization of metals lighter than steel in cruisers, and with a new technique of construction as to motive power. In it I said that the caliber of guns on light cruisers was not limited by the treaty; as a fact the number of cruisers was not limited, but the caliber of guns was limited to eight inches. Objection has been raised also to my statement that, by the use of light metals, "the goal is to get warcraft which, weighing but two-thirds as much as if built throughout of steel, can be proportionately larger and more powerful." Doubt has been expressed, and occasionally is still being expressed, as to whether our Navy Department had set such a goal. It had. The fact was as stated.

New York, January 12 SILAS BENT

What Made These Women "Modern"?

The eighth article in the series of personal revelations by well-known women will appear next week. If you have missed the first seven, mail this announcement and seventy-five cents. John B. Watson, behaviorist, and Beatrice M. Hinkle, psychoanalyst, will point out in The Nation *the significance of the anonymous articles.*

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Books, Music, Plays

Turbines

By MACKNIGHT BLACK

Look, these are all
We have for symbols;
And these are bare
Of thought and pain and hope,
Yet heavy with another bloom
Like trees of paradise;
For they lay hold
On soil of time and space
Unwatered by our dream;
And they are near
To motion that fore-ran
Our flesh; and they are solitary, strong;
And from the steel how splendidly
They lift their buds
Of doom transcended and complete.

First Glance

THE history of American literature may be written in as many ways as there are persons to write it. It may be written as a series of aesthetic judgments upon authors selected by the historian on the basis of what seems to him their abstract excellence; and this, in spite of all that has been said against critics who did the thing feebly, is not a bad method. Or it may be written, as fashion now dictates, in the light of philosophical and sociological generalizations. American literature, that is to say, may be studied in relation to American life; and one's attitude toward such studies will be determined by one's notion of the importance either of literature to life or of life to literature.

Historically considered, the American people are probably most interesting when viewed as pioneers—as people who over a period of three centuries devoted practically all of their energies to the task of rushing in and filling the vacuum of the American scene. Here was a continent with two seaboards, two neighboring mountain ranges, and a vast level space between. There, chiefly in Europe, were people to occupy this land; and occupy it they did, bringing with them as much of their culture as they could carry, dropping, once they were here, as much of it as they thought they did not need, and developing new ideas, new morals, as the pressure from their new environment increased. The story of the physical movement of peoples westward over the Alleghenies, across the prairies and the plains, and over the Rockies to the sea is of course interesting. The story of what happened to their minds as they moved may be more interesting still. At any rate this is the story that students of American literature are telling today.

Two such students simultaneously publish treatises dealing with the frontier as it has affected the written word. Dorothy Anne Dondore in "The Prairie and the Making of Middle America: Four Centuries of Description" (Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press: $4.50) attempts to digest all of the pages poured out by man, European or American, describing the great central plain between the Alleghenies and the Rockies and between the Great Lakes and the Gulf. She begins with a vision of this plain which leads a reader to suppose that she will do something rather handsome by it—that she will at least keep its outlines clear while men move over it and report their impressions. She ends by being far from clear; her material, of which she has oceans, swamps her because she has never quite decided what description is. Is it landscape painting merely? It might be, and on that basis Miss Dondore could have written a delightful book. Or is it social criticism too? Miss Dondore seems to think it is, as indeed it may be; but, lacking a certain philosophical equipment, she fails in the task of generalization and so fails to write a significant book. It is to be sure a useful one, particularly in the quotations and the bibliographies, which are the result of long labor.

Lucy Lockwood Hazard's "The Frontier in American Literature" (Crowell: $2.75) is better all around, though it is far from satisfactory. Miss Hazard has a very definite notion of what pioneers are and of what frontiers mean to the mind. She traces with no little acuteness the extension of intolerant optimism from New England and the earliest South to all of the successive borders as civilization stepped westward. She knows, now the physical frontier is gone, that we have turned in upon ourselves, and that we have not the least idea what to do with the unformed spiritual forces we find there. One of her best sections is that in which she makes Mark Twain, "son and satirist of the Gilded Age," the middle man between, say, Emerson and Dreiser. All this is good. But there is little meaning in her insistence, shrilled against a straw man who seems to be a composite of Waldo Frank, Van Wyck Brooks, and Lewis Mumford, that an era of "spiritual pioneering" now awaits us. Her straw man seems to say that we have done—thank God—with frontiers. She, while quite as glad as he of the change that has come over us, wants to call the new line of thought simply another frontier. But to do so destroys the value of the word frontier, which means something geographical or means nothing at all. Thought, to be sure, faces the dark unknown; but it always did, and it does so now in other places than America. What should have been the most stimulating portion of Miss Hazard's book becomes merely a *tour de force* of definition.

MARK VAN DOREN

"Copey"

The Copeland Reader: An Anthology of English Poetry and Prose. Chosen and Edited by Charles Townsend Copeland. Charles Scribner's Sons. $10.

EVERY anthology is a personal affair. "The Golden Treasury" is Palgrave. The Oxford "Books" are Quiller-Couch. Of course, a book must be made by one man, no matter how many assistants he has or what authoritative title he lurks behind. I remember no anthology so avowedly personal as Copeland's book and I know of nobody so well qualified to make so personal an anthology.

Copeland puts together the things that he has read aloud to students and general audiences. The selections range from the Bible to Ring Lardner. As a collection of literary masterpieces, a string of pearls, a garland of flowers, it is a good anthology, a two-inch book-shelf. Anybody could make such a book out of the classics of the world which are within arm's length of any reader who has a fairly good library. But no

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other man's selection would be like Copeland's. Not only because men differ and we choose according to our tastes. There is a special difference. Copeland's selections are all vocal, all orally readable. If you say that all good poetry and prose is "vocalizable," try some of the unquestionably great passages from Carlyle, Ruskin, Henry James—and then send for a throat specialist.

This is Copeland's secret as reader in public, as teacher of composition, as appreciater and imparter to others of appreciation of literature: the sense of words as primarily spoken and secondarily written. He felt phonetics while the professional phoneticians had their eyes on printed pages. Since his anthology is so declaratively individual, he invites us to make any personal comment that we who know him choose to make. And any comment must be so favorable that even his best friends, of whom there are about ten thousand, will not object to anything one says about him.

He is not an actor, not a leather-lunged "elocutionist," not a singer, not a poet, not a scholar in the profoundly erudite sense. But he learned, so far as I know all by myself, to develop in a not very robust body a voice that an actor might envy. He hated histrionics, never made a gesture, but sitting perfectly still would with his voice dramatize any drama. He did not sing. But I have often sat on the side-lines watching or painfully hearing teachers of singing try to make pupils understand what a song was about and what the voice is for, and I have silently said, being neither singer nor speaker but only listener: "I wish to God they would get Copey to show them how to project the voice and what the values are of vowels and rhythms . . . and Oh, I don't know, whatever it is that these singers haven't got and he has."

Copeland would read John Anderson, My Jo, and make you cry. And if the churches really want to make people believe in the Bible, they had better elect him a sort of lay bishop. But of course that would choke and kill him. It is odd enough to read that he is now Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory. He despises both rhetoric and oratory. I will agree to set him an examination on questions out of his predecessor, Adams Hill, and flunk him. And if he ever orates I will have him mobbed and sent to Congress. As a scholar he is out of luck. Kittredge can lick him hands down. Copeland is not in the least interested in the final "e's" of Chaucer. He has been too busy learning the voluptuous sequences of all the vowels in Keats. He is not a poet. If he ever tried to write verse, there is no printed evidence of it. He is an interpreter of poetry. And of prose.

Here perhaps is our one quarrel with him. Why did he not write more? I once offended him by asking him that. I even accused him of writing too little and talking too much. It was simply a disciple's enthusiasm gone tactlessly wrong. Copeland writes well when he writes at all. The bits of criticism in his introduction to the present volume are excellent but tantalizingly brief and few. Like his occasional *Atlantic Monthly* papers and his biographical and appreciative notes on the men of letters whom he has edited, these critical flashes reveal a fine literary spirit which has too seldom expressed itself in written words. Copeland has preferred to speak. And he has spoken for thirty years to all of us graduates of Harvard—a great university, but there are those who love it—all of us who tried to be writers and many more who simply tried to be readers and moderately literate.

For Copeland is a teacher. He had the knack, when he was only a young instructor, of getting boys interested in interesting books. He did not preach but enacted the idea that literature is amusing and delightful. He cajoled you into liking things by reading them aloud and proving to you how good they were. He had what I think is the right dope about teaching composition. Read a theme aloud and hear how it sounds. The pupil will know, if he will ever know anything, whether he has made a fool of himself or has turned a good phrase. And Copeland had this great essential art of the teacher: he was never aloof but always one of the boys, dignified and exclusive when he had work to do and did not wish to be bothered, but always good at boyish give and take. We of the *Lampoon*, thirty years ago, used to rag the life out of him. And he ragged back, enjoying it hugely.

He was an instinctive artist, and his creative work lies largely, generously in the work of younger men whom he taught. I apologize for speaking of him in the past, but my mind runs back to cub undergraduate days when I was struggling with sentences and he was giving me sharp, sometimes caustic tips about how not to make a sentence or a grunt of approval when a sentence seemed to slide easily. I learned more from him about writing and reading than from any other professional teacher of English. The reason, I think, is simply this—the selective principle of his book—that words are not written signs but spoken vitalities with a human voice behind them.

JOHN MACY

Significant Ugliness

The Case of Mr. Crump. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Paris: Edward Titus. $10.

MR. LEWISOHN'S hideously powerful novel is a story of the unequal conflict between a creative artist and the vulgar entanglements of his disordered life. Herbert Crump, a promising young composer, comes from his quiet home in a little Southern city to the sordid loneliness of a New York boarding house and there, in the bleakness of his spirits and without realizing the extent to which he is committing himself, drifts into an alliance with a vulgar woman standing upon the brink of middle age. Almost before he knows what has happened she is making vast and terrible assumptions. She will divorce her worthless husband and Crump—has he not showed that "he loves her"?—will, of course, be glad to assume the responsibility for her sprawling children and her grotesque old mother. Stunned, he flees to his home to consider his predicament, and in a short time she is upon him—smiling, affectionate, but inexorable. To his parents, much as they instinctively dislike her, her version of the story is correct. Herbert has "broken up her home"; for him she has abandoned her husband; and his duty is clear. He, realizing that the world would judge him, at best, no more favorably than his father and mother, yields to his fate; and the rest of his life up to the time of the catastrophe which closes his story is the struggle, every year more intolerable, with a woman who meets his every effort to extricate himself with a tighter grip and franker, more desperate determination to hold what is her own.

It is upon the portrait, physical and spiritual, of Mrs. Crump that the novelist centers his effort, and it is indeed her book. Beginning with a description in a tone of half-detached irony of her and her antecedents, it gradually increases in power and ferocity as it describes the increasing sluttishness of her personal habits and the increasing meanness of her soul. No disgusting detail of her physical decline is omitted and no aspect of the tortuous process of her mind is left unanalyzed, until she at last stands forth a figure at once monstrous yet credible. In spite of the increasingly preposterous disparity between their ages and the violent incompatibility of their temperament she clings to him for various reasons—because she needs his meager earnings for the support of herself and her family, because she needs his growing fame for her position in life, and because she needs his body for the satisfaction of the last desperate flicker of her passions. Yet these reasons are not the only or the worst ones. There is, in addition, a dumb, relentless possessiveness, a stubborn unreachable inexorability, a determination to revenge herself upon her husband for the unhappiness of her life, which is terrifying in its intensity. To him her malignity, so impersonal and incalculable, becomes almost a symbol of that mysterious evil of the universe which nothing can reach or placate, and through

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him she becomes, for the reader also, sinister in her inhumanity. Without that touch of almost insane malignity she would be, for all her meanness, grotesquely pitiful, but because of it pity is drowned in fear.

By reason of its bitterness, its frankness, and its almost brutal directness, Mr. Lewisohn's book challenges comparison with various other ultra-modern novels, but it is set apart from them all by two faiths—the one artistic, the other moral—that its author has managed to retain. Unlike so many of his fellows he still believes in the power of standard English, composed with complete, syntactically clear sentences and arranged in orderly paragraphs, to express the full force of whatever thoughts or feelings the most chaotic situation can call forth, and unlike so many more others he still retains a perhaps romantic faith in the ultimate importance of certain fixed values in the world of ethics. Because of the first his novel has a beauty of form which only throws into sharper relief the hideousness of its material, and because of the second it gives the effect not of complete futility but of something won in a battle of good against evil.

When Crump, goaded at last to madness, struck his wife down and saw that she was dead a certain calmness came over him:

> Quietly he went to the window and opened it and looked up at the stars. If the universe was a mere mechanism and we but accidental crawlers on this planet's crust, neither deeds done nor undone mattered and love and hate and cruelty and mercy and rancor and justice were indisguishably one. But if this were not so, if—were it only by a slow process of becoming—the universe strove, like man himself, for values beyond the dust, then he had helped to reestablish the shaken moral equilibrium of the world, to save cosmos from chaos, to make justice prevail.

A little earlier he had wondered at this tendency of his "to ally his small troubles to the eternal nature of things and to drag the universe into his tiny conflicts." He had amusedly considered how difficult it was for a man, riding in the smoker of a Pullman car and dressed in a Kuppenheimer suit, to conceive himself as the protagonist in the universal drama. Yet it is just this power to project himself upon the universe, to see his struggle as the struggle of evil against good, which sets the spiritual tone of the book. Perhaps it is merely a romantic delusion, but, delusion or not, it is still capable of an effectiveness in art, for it gives to the hero his dignity and lends to his story something of the elevation of tragedy. Perhaps Mr. Lewisohn is the only man alive capable of writing such a book and capable at the same time of maintaining that the world which it describes is something more than sound and fury.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Reintroducing Tom Thumb

Thiers and the French Monarchy (1797-1848). By John M. Allison. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS, journalist, historian, twice Premier under Louis Philippe, and first President of the Third French Republic (1870-73), had, beyond dispute, *one* good quality: an immense, never-wearied diligence. Apart from that respectable quality, he was physically, mentally, and morally a veritable Tom Thumb of statesmanship—one of the smallest successful men that ever lived. The greatest critical genius of the nineteenth century, in a pamphlet justly admired and praised by G. B. Shaw, calls him, after the incident of the Commune, "the realization of Voltaire's idea of an ape turned tiger—that bootblack of the first Napoleon—that pitiful manikin, incapable of making a respectable figure outside of the artificial atmosphere of parliamentary chicanery—that past master of petty parliamentary knaveries and wire-pullings." His own countryman, a Parisian capitalist of philanthropic tendencies, told him publicly in 1871: "It has always been the chiefest aim of your life to set capital and labor by the ears." So it would seem that the only charity bestowable upon the memory of such a man would be the mercy of silence. These stigmata, however, were inflicted upon Monsieur Thiers in his extreme old age. Professor Allison fancies that he can make him impressive by an account of his youth and middle age.

He has made nothing of the French Tom Thumb, but he has succeeded in throwing many curious sidelights upon the history of the Restoration and the period of the Citizen-King. What, indeed, could he have made of a statesman with no abilities beyond a gift of wire-pulling and forensic chicanery? A statesman so incredibly inept as to inveigh in his young manhood, before assembled Parliament, against the railroads, newly introduced in England and on the Continent, as pernicious, useless, dangerous; a Liberal defending the worst abuses of the Catholic hierarchy on the plea "that the church teaches obedience to the constituted authorities and the salutariness of suffering"; an enemy of King Bomba, who in his own old age bombarded Paris; a mellifluous, Bryan-like Man of Peace, whose armies slaughtered 20,000 insurrected Frenchmen—such a man cannot be lifted, fifty years after his death, upon a pedestal of glory by any effort of Boswellian loyalty, however well intended. For all that, Professor Allison's biography is a noteworthy item of academic research—both the work itself and the bibliographic appendices afford ample evidence of his circumspect scholarship.

JAMES FUCHS

Teaching Adults to Read

Libraries and Adult Education. By J. T. Jennings and Others. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The University Afield. By Alfred L. Hall-Quest. The Macmillan Company. $3.

Correspondence Schools, Lyceums, Chautauquas. By John S. Noffsinger. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

New Schools for Older Students. By Nathaniel Peffer. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The Meaning of Adult Education. By Eduard C. Lindeman. New Republic. $1.

Education for Adults and Other Essays. By Frederick Paul Keppel. Columbia University Press.

INDICATIONS are that adult education will be quite the thing this year for pedagogical chatter. Within a few months some eight or nine volumes bearing on the theme have issued from the press. Each in a different way attempts to make the subject more inclusive, so that this cumulation of inclusiveness compels the inference that adult education is regarded as comprising everything in life from puberty to senility, with liberal extensions across the borders at either extreme. The exact scope of adult education was not clear before these books appeared; now it has been dropped into a London fog.

Something over two years ago the American Library Association decided to study the possibilities of the library as an agency for adult education. Had the association been permitted to proceed in its natural state of stimulating poverty, something of worth might have resulted. Unfortunately, the project caught the fancy of the Carnegie Foundation and a few money bags were opened so as to make the investigation indecently elaborate. At touch of Carnegie's magic wand, five substantial tomes have appeared in the twinkling of an eye and an association has been created to do more producing.

Four of the volumes are here considered. "Libraries and Adult Education" reports what libraries are doing to get books to the reader. It is a study in library science. "The University Afield" relates the wonders accomplished by extension and correspondence courses. It is primarily a treatise on the removal of deficiencies from those who went into professional work with inadequate preparation—a thing which, let it be hoped, the coming generation will not repeat. "Correspondence Schools, Lyceums, Chautauquas" exposes the quackery by which

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mail-order houses distribute doctorates in philosophy and chiropractic; it also performs a lively autopsy upon two once-famous institutions of near-learning. "New Schools for Older Students" is devoted to non-utilitarian education for adults. "The Meaning of Adult Education"—not of the Carnegie group—protests the failure of American colleges to impart real education and, at the same time, breathes "a hope that some day education might be brought out of college halls into the lives of the people who do the work of the world." Mr. Keppel's volume of essays touches the subject chiefly in its title.

Here is a great mass of writing on adult education which, collectively, is of uncertain worth to those who are really interested in the subject. Most of the authors see only transient and relatively unimportant phases. Teaching an old man to read is, in a sense, the education of an adult; but in a much more vital sense it is merely elementary education deferred. Removing illiteracy, Americanizing foreigners, conducting open forums, carrying the university in diluted form to those who should have attended the university, and damning American colleges *en masse*—these are types of sport that should not be put upon one program unless the purpose be to stage a battle-royal and have them destroy one another.

Mr. Peffer, it would seem, comes closest to the bull's-eye. There is a feeling in this country, especially among those who live in the suburbs of intellectual America, that all citizens should be required to partake of the intellectual life. Mr. Peffer points out the danger of making this endeavor a form of uplift, and then himself tumbles into the very pit against which he has warned others. He grows hot for rescuing "the great sodden middle class—college graduates, owners of $3,000 cars, members of country clubs," all of whom, he doubtless wishes to imply, have no brains at all. But before any concerted effort is made to rescue these people, a few pertinent questions should be answered. Apparently none of the writers here considered possesses the courage or vision essential to this preliminary task.

Allow that a large part of the people show no inclination to lead intellectual lives, and it may be found that the fault, in its entirety, can be traced to inadequate schooling. If so, the problem becomes one of elementary, not adult, education. Again—and this is more important—what evidence has so far been adduced to prove that a large part of the people cannot be happier as individuals and more useful as citizens if permitted to own $3,000 cars, belong to country clubs, and talk golf than if they should be transformed into collectors of first editions and members of Browning societies who will take to talking adult education?

H. E. Buchholz

Books in Brief

The Days of My Life. By Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green and Company. Two Volumes. $7.50.

Who has ever forgotten his first reading of "King Solomon's Mines" and "She" and "Allan Quatermain"? Who has any respect for the present fashionable scorn of Rider Haggard? He may not be Dumas; but neither (praise be) is he Stevenson or even Sabatini. He has no brains and he has no style; but unlike Stevenson and Sabatini and Stanley Weyman he caught the very spirit of the romance of adolescence. In actual fact he was a hard-working investigator of agricultural England. His reminiscences proceed in a dull pedestrian account of his life and his meeting with various literary bigwigs. His style once occasioned one of George Moore's most amusing ribaldries. Yet his novels hold the very dream of adolescence: the war of white adventurers with yowling savages; the love for white adventurers given by dazzling queens who reign in secret hinterland cities; all the nostalgia for a lost Atlantis which is the portion of very young youth. His imitators (like Pierre Benoit) are distressing hacks. His superiors (like Edward Lucas White) have written just one good book such as "Andivius Hedulio." Unlike Stevenson he is not beloved by professors. His gigantic dreams remain.

The Two Sisters. By H. E. Bates. The Viking Press. $2.

This first novel is a work of power, although the power is unevenly applied. It has moments of beauty and insight, and the contrasted temperaments which give the story momentum are analyzed discerningly. In style, however, it lacks the assured crescendo which its material demands—a rhythm which escapes definition and which the author no doubt will acquire with greater experience.

Music

A True Professional and Some True Amateurs

IT is difficult to compress within a brief paragraph Mr. Harold Samuel's revelations of Bach in particular and of piano playing in general. Still more so is it to analyze in detail six programs—one a day—containing no repeats and covering some thirty-eight works of Bach, excluding encores. It was a stupendous feat of artistry even more than of memory and endurance; for to leave one refreshed after even a single program devoted to but one composer is a *tour de force*. To do so after six such programs, as Mr. Samuel did, is a miracle. He did it, perhaps, by letting Bach speak for himself. Through the medium of a tone equally singing and alive in both hands, an extraordinary rhythmic vitality, and that independence of finger which only Bach can give, Mr. Samuel has brought piano playing back from a mannered and exaggerated utterance to a simple, natural, and beautifully articulated speech. Hearing Bach in this way one has the actual and constant impression of hearing Bach's music as Bach, too, heard it. That such a sane and pure musical expression has become once more a spiritual force among laymen as well as among musicians we owe indeed largely to the sane and pure art of Harold Samuel himself.

The MacDowell Foundation has fostered some of the best American art of late years. It has done this by maintaining a studio colony in the woods of New Hampshire—Peterborough, to be exact—where the artist of proved creative ability can work undisturbed for a nominal sum, and where he can escape alike the terror of the noisy summer boarder and the burden of the householder. To keep up this practical idealism—more necessary than ever now with our New England farm houses asking de luxe prices—the foundation must have money. And it was for this purpose that Messrs. Downes, Erskine, and Urchs courageously offered their respective talents for two concerts of which the program was the same. Their offer was accepted joyously, even at five dollars a ticket; and Steinway Hall must have chuckled to itself to see musical celebrities jostling important music patrons in their eagerness to hear the music critic of the New York *Times*, the author of "Helen of Troy" and "Galahad," and a member of the House of Steinway make their first public debut as pianists. Even such important dailies as the *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, and the *World* turned over their music departments for the occasion to such amateur critics as Josef Hofmann, Ernest Hutcheson, and George Gershwin, respectively. It was the professional's turn to take his holiday, and a grin of anticipation greeted Messrs. Downes and Erskine, the first to be sacrificed. Only the professional critics looked unhappy. But then they had more at stake! Mr. Erskine immediately furnished "dramatic foreshadowing" by a witty and sincere plea for the "true amateur" and his place in the world; but the audience heeded not. It did not heed even when author and critic, plunged, with an almost professional authority, into the Brahms-Haydn Variations for two pianos; the grin still persisted. As the two pro-

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gressed, however, it began to fade. By the time Mr. Erskine had finished the next number—Mozart's "Coronation" concerto—it was barely perceptible. Mr. Erskine had given a most exquisite performance to a most sympathetic accompaniment by his sister. And it was a sober-faced audience indeed, livened only by some happy looking critics, that greeted Ernest Urchs when he joined his colleagues for Bach's triple piano concerto. As one auditor expressed it, "I thought they would play so badly that it would be funny. But they played so well I couldn't even laugh."

The joke was indeed on the audience, and the MacDowell Foundation was the richer therefor by $2,500. As Ernest Hutcheson summed it up in his criticism for the *Herald Tribune*: "The significance of the afternoon lay perhaps in the demonstration that even the busiest men find time in the hurry and worry of modern life to foster their artistic instincts and turn them to excellent use." But for this much credit should be given to Ernest Hutcheson himself. Himself one of the "busiest of men," he nevertheless found time to coach the trio and to do it so thoroughly and intelligently that, with only one month of practice and rehearsals, three men, of whom two had not practiced for years up to date, could make the world safe—in one corner, at least—for amateurs.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Intelligence vs. Intensity

DURING the past few seasons our theater has not concerned itself much with the drawing-room. Somehow or other it seems to have lost interest in the sedulous elegance which Pinero and Jones made popular, and whatever it may have become it is no longer "polite." One may, for example, search the dramatis personae of the five American plays which Mr. Burns Mantle chose as the best of the last dramatic year without finding a lady or a gentleman among them, and Mr. Mantle's list is typical. Our chosen scenes are the battlefield, the boiler room, and the dive; our chosen characters the roustabout, the bootlegger, and the roughneck. Sometimes we rise to the social height of Babbitt and lay our scene in the suburban villa or the farmhouse kitchen, and sometimes we study the ways of our grandmothers in the night clubs, but we have given up "society" as a bad job. Robust is our favorite adjective, and strength, not refinement, the quality which we most admire; for the serious as well as the popular dramatist seeks a large action, picturesque scenes, and violent contrasts. Under the spell of a new and masculine romanticism he disdains the members of a more or less fixed order upon whose tragedies, even, a certain decorum is imposed; he prefers the milieu in which anything from explosive profanity to wholesale carnage may occur.

With this tradition I have no particular quarrel. At its best the drama produced under its influence keeps us aware of the infinite variety of life and it is symptomatic of the growing and healthy tendency to seek the meaning of contemporary existence not upon its surface only but in its swarming depths. Yet the appearance of a "polite" play as nearly first-rate as "Lady Alone" (Forrest Theater) serves to remind one how effective another and neglected genre can be. Here is a drama confined within a definite framework and concerned with a society in which certain things are not done. The choices open to its characters and hence the possibilities of its action are definitely limited by the traditions of "good society"; the primitive impulses of humanity cannot here express themselves directly; and one is perfectly sure that no character could conceivably cut the knot. Certain artificial restraints have become more powerful than natural impulse, and what one gets as a result is not merely the charm of which an orderly society is capable but a particular kind of drama as well. For the excitement of the pitched battle is substituted the interest of a game played according to rules.

The end of such a game may be tragic, but in one important respect its premises are always the premises of comedy. One does not, that is to say, expect of its protagonists heroic actions or spectacular virtues. One does not even expect them to go to the bottom of things, and one realizes that their problem is the problem of compromise—of how to adjust their lives not to Truth or Virtue but to the conventions which they have accepted as fundamental. And so it is in the present play. The heroine, born poor and yet socially elect, is faced with the problem of livelihood. Since she is cast in neither the heroic nor the romantic mold she must solve her problem in a manner consonant with the traditions of her class, and she chooses a convenient marriage. She believes that she has attained the state of mind which makes such a solution possible, that she has risen by means of a clear humorous intellect above the delusions of passion, and that she can play out her life upon the level of comedy—not "selling herself" but merely playing fair with a man who happens to love her and whom she genuinely likes. But the considerations which she had definitely ruled out intrude themselves, a romantic love springs up between her and another man, and upon that love her life is wrecked. Here are no tumultuous passions or great actions but a story which, as worked out with great delicacy and verisimilitude, affords an absorbing study of the conflict between natural impulse and the fixed traditions of a society.

By the standard of our moralist plays the young lady concerned should doubtless have learned stenography as soon as she was old enough to realize her predicament, but it is just the function of drawing-room drama to concern itself with those characters of whom nothing fundamental is to be expected. And judged by the standards of such drama the tragic guilt of the heroine lay not so much in her failure to find means of supporting herself as in her inability to maintain the role which she had assumed. We watch the disintegration not of moral character but of self-control. High comedy demands the continual subordination of emotion; our heroine went down in defeat because she allowed drama—emotion—to enter her life. Incapable of the reorganization of her life which poverty would have suggested to the more robust spirits, she was incapable also of that steadfastness which alone can make mere discretion successful. To master the passions is to achieve one kind of success, to obey them is to achieve another; but they will not be dallied with.

Doubtless much of the charm as well as much of the force in the present drama depends upon the skilful playing of Miss Alice Brady, whose increasing expertness has been made manifest in a whole series of recent plays. She has neither the conventional beauty nor any of the irritating artificialities which mark the usual popular star, but there is a delicate assurance in her playing equaled by no other contemporary actress. She is no mere "personality" displaying herself in this role or that, and yet in each of her interpretations there is a certain constant element of engaging and ingratiating charm. No one could have conveyed better than she the mingled intelligence and intensity which is the soul of her part in the present play.

In "Praying Curve" (Eltinge Theater) Martin Brown, remembered faintly for "The Great Music" of two seasons ago, makes another effort at melodrama thinly disguised as "significance." This time it is about a dope fiend who was regenerated by life in the great open spaces, and it is pretty bad. "Damn the Tears" (Garrick Theater) is an expressionistic play strikingly set by Norman Bel Geddes and marked by some vivid individual scenes; but its general intention remained, to me at least, obscure. The comic genius of Sam Bernard succeeds in making amusing the musical comedy "I Told You So" (Royal Theater), which has little more than good dancing to recommend it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The South African Color Problem

By R. F. ALFRED HOERNLE

THE South African color problem cannot be understood without a glance at its background.

There is, first, the population factor. The results of the 1926 census are not yet available, but the following figures may be taken as approximately accurate:

Europeans	1,700,000
Natives	5,210,000
Asiatics	170,000
"Colored"	560,000

By "Asiatics" are meant natives of India, originally introduced as indentured laborers for the sugar plantations in Natal, where they now outnumber the white population (145,000). That the treatment of these Asiatics is a grave source of friction between India and South Africa is well-known, but it does not enter into our present problem.

The term "Colored," or, more precisely, "Cape Colored," covers a mixed group, consisting partly of Malays (who came to the Cape in the old days from the Dutch East Indies), but chiefly of descendants of the early white settlers and the Hottentots. The Hottentots are a light-colored people, remnants of which still exist in South West Africa. They were the inhabitants of the Cape when the Dutch established themselves there. They are not to be confused with the "Natives." To this "Colored" group belong also a few mulattoes, i.e., the offspring of whites and Natives. The "colored" population is in all respects at least as civilized as the lowest strata of the white population.

The term "Natives" covers all the tribes generally called "Kaffirs," or, better, "Bantu" peoples. They are war-like tribes who appear to have come from the North, pushing down the East Coast into the Eastern Cape Colony, and across the continent, through Rhodesia, into South West Africa (Ovambos). They outnumber the white population in the proportion of 3 to 1. They are South Africa's "Native problem."

The problem does not consist in any danger of their swamping the whites by sheer natural increase of numbers. This is a bogy all too frequently used by an ignorant press to strike terror into an ignorant public. If the birth-rate of the Bantus is high, so also is their death-rate, and especially the infantile death-rate. And census statistics show unanswerably that the rate of increase of the Bantu population is slightly below that of the white population.

The second factor in the problem is the extreme diversity in conditions of life and civilization within the Bantu population. The bulk of that population still lives in reservations under tribal conditions, mostly with communal land tenure; another section lives as squatters, tenants, or servants on farms owned by whites; a third group, almost completely detribalized, lives in or near white towns and works for wages; a small group of educated Natives —chiefly teachers, ministers of religion, clerks, independent farmers—has completely outgrown tribal conditions and lives according to white standards so far as limited means permit.

It is obvious that any uniform Native policy will bear very unequally on these different classes of Natives, and that a policy which is good for the "raw" Native in his tribe, may be very unjust in its application to his detribalized, and still more to his civilized, brother.

The third factor is land. Between 86 and 87 per cent of the land is owned by the 1,700,000 whites; only 13 to 14 per cent by the 5,210,000 Natives. Yet the Natives' economy rests on cattle and maize, and access to the land is their crying need. The reservations are overcrowded with humans and overstocked with cattle, and cannot in general support the population within them. Hence at any one time as much as half the able-bodied male population in certain districts is likely to be away, working for wages in the white man's towns, mines, and factories. From domestic service down, Natives do almost all the manual work, unskilled and semi-skilled, in the Union, wages ranging from £3 to £5 per month.

The last and most important factor in the background is a profound division on policy among the whites. More than thirty years ago Cecil Rhodes laid down the policy: "Equal rights for every civilized man south of the Zambesi." No doubt it was an easy principle to lay down in days when the "civilized" man who was not white was a rare exception. But it established a noble tradition, in accordance with which the Cape Colony admitted to equal franchise with the whites not only colored men, but also Natives provided they could meet the fairly low educational and property qualifications which were held to define the minimum of civilization. The three Northern provinces —Transvaal, Orange Free State, Natal—set their faces in the opposite direction, excluding both Colored and Native in principle from any access to equal rights. When the Union was established, these two policies fought a drawn battle. The existing rights of Natives were explicitly safeguarded in the Cape, but it was no less explicitly laid down that they were not to be extended to the North.

It is against this background that the Native policy of General Hertzog's South African Government has to be judged. The policy has been formulated in four bills which were published in June, 1926, in order to give a year's time for discussion and the education of public opinion before the debates in Parliament. The general aim of all four bills is to introduce a uniform Native policy for the whole of the Union.

It is a policy of segregation, keeping the white race and the black race as far as possible apart. Its professed aims are to reduce to a minimum the existing causes of racial friction and conflict and to secure to each race, black no less than white, the opportunity for development in accordance with its own genius and traditions. The black man is not to be made over into an inferior edition of the white man, but is to be allowed and encouraged to develop along his own lines, assimilating, as he does so, what he can and what he needs of the white man's civilization. The white man, on the other hand, is to be protected in his standard of life against the economic competition of the black man in the labor market, and in his politics against the menace of a huge preponderance of black voters.

In some such colors as these the aims of the new policy are painted by some of the enthusiastic young idealists who have been trying to prepare the soil of popular opinion for the reception of the new policy. But no eloquence can hide the fact that in principle the policy of segregation amounts to a victory of the North (Trans-

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vaal) over the South (Cape). For segregation, whatever opportunities and rights it may establish for the Native, does in fact spell exclusion from that organic incorporation in the white man's society to which Rhodes's principle had taught him to aspire.

Segregation has four aspects.

There is social, or, more precisely, sexual segregation, i.e., the prevention of sexual intercourse between members of the two races, whether by lawful matrimony or otherwise. The Minister of Justice, Mr. Tielman Roos, is understood to be drafting a bill to make all sexual intercourse between black and white a criminal offense.

Next, there is economic segregation. This means that the law is to exclude Natives from certain skilled trades which are thereby automatically reserved for Whites. Early in 1926 the notorious "Color Bar" bill was passed to give effect to this principle. So far it has been used only to legalize a color bar which had been in practice in the gold mines for many years. But the sting of the law lies in that it gives the Minister of Labor power by mere proclamation to apply the color bar, i.e., to exclude Natives from any trade in which, in the Minister's opinion, the interests of the white workers require such a step. Potentially, therefore, the bill is a weapon for stopping economic competition and intrenching white labor in an aristocracy of skilled trades. Incidentally, in proportion as it is applied, it keeps the Native down to the wages of unskilled or semi-skilled labor, and thus perpetuates his poverty, which is the chief obstacle to the rise of vigorous industries in South Africa. At present the bill has done no specific harm beyond filling the Natives with suspicion and alarm. But it clearly opens the door to tyrannical and irresponsible abuse of power. It is supposed to be the price which Hertzog had to pay in advance to the Labor Party, on whose support his Government rests.

Thirdly, there is political segregation, i.e., a separate franchise for Natives and separate provision for the expression of their will. And, lastly, there is territorial segregation, i.e., a division of land, checkerboard-fashion, between white and black ownership. It is with these last two aspects of segregation that General Hertzog's four bills deal. They are the crucial aspects.

Three of the four bills are devoted to provisions for representation and franchise. The first of these confirms the Colored population at the Cape in its possession of the European franchise, and extends the same privilege to the Colored residents in the three Northern provinces who, at present, are there excluded from the vote even though they may have exercised it at the Cape. In other words, the bill proposes that the colored man who can meet the same electoral qualifications which the white man must meet shall be included in the same voters' list, and vote for the same candidates as the white voters.

Of the remaining two bills, both of which apply only to Natives, one sets up a Native Council for the Union, and the other establishes a separate Native franchise and separate representation in Parliament. These bills are the substitute which General Hertzog offers for the taking away of the Native franchise at present existing in the Cape Colony.

The Native Council is to meet once a year, and to consist of fifty members, under the chairmanship of a white official who is given somewhat autocratic control over its proceedings. In other ways, too, government control of the Council is intrenched. Fifteen members are to be directly nominated by the Government, thirty-five are to be elected by Natives, nominated by government. Thus indirectly even the elected members will be government nominees. The functions of the Council are purely deliberative and advisory. There is, indeed, a clause giving the Council power to pass ordinances binding only on Natives. But such ordinances can deal only with matters, if any, delegated to the Council by future acts of Parliament; the Council cannot initiate them—they must be proposed by the Minister for Native Affairs, and they require to be approved by the Governor General after they have been passed. In practice, a power so hedged about is not likely ever to be exercised. The Council may be of minor use in ventilating Native opinion, but even this restricted function would be discharged better if its members were freely elected.

After providing for the abolition of the present Native franchise at the Cape, the Native Franchise bill proposes that the country be divided into seven areas, the Native inhabitants of each of which are to be represented by one White member in Parliament. The electors are to be the same government nominees who form also the electorate for the Native Council, and are expected to consist of chiefs and headmen of tribes, members of local native councils, and prominent individual natives. The number of these electors, their qualifications, the manner of their nomination, etc., are left undefined in the bill. Clearly, the Government has every power to "rig" the electorate to suit itself. It is to be remembered, further, that some of the electoral areas will be huge (e.g., the 276,966 square miles of the Cape Colony will be divided into only two areas), and it is difficult to see how electors scattered over such an area can choose intelligently among the candidates nominated for election. The seven representatives of the Natives in Parliament cannot sit, speak, or vote on any motion proposing any alteration in the provisions of this Franchise bill, and they cannot vote on any motion of "No Confidence," unless such motion should deal with matters touching Native interests, as detailed in a schedule to the bill. On such terms, it is clear that seven representatives for over 5,000,000 human beings can do little to prevent legislation adverse to Native welfare or to obtain fair treatment for the Natives in such matters as taxation (especially indirect taxation through the customs) or education. They will require to be men of exceptional personality to gain the ear of the House or carry any weight. The chances seem to be rather that the Government incidentally to its control of the electoral body will push upon the Natives candidates who will dance to its piping.

Why does General Hertzog, who is generally believed to be a fair-minded man and has shown himself more anxious to meet the Natives than ever did General Smuts, put forward such proposals? In his speeches he reiterates two arguments. First, that the Northern provinces are firmly opposed to an extension of the full Cape franchise to the Natives within their borders. This is true, but would, in itself, be a reason rather for a continuation of the present compromise. Second, that the Native vote even now is powerful in most of the fifty-one Cape constituencies; that in the "next forty years" it will grow to such proportions as to compel the Cape representatives to vote for the extension of the Cape Native franchise to the North, thus splitting the Union; and that this growth "would necessarily mean the ruin of the white population and of white civilization in the Union." What are the facts? The number of Native voters

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n 1926 was 14,182, i.e., about 3 per cent of the total in the Union and less than 10 per cent of the European electorate n the Cape. This total of 14,182 Native voters is an ncrease of 113 per cent on the total of Native voters in 910; and, clearly, General Hertzog's fears are based on nticipations of the Native vote doubling itself every fifteen ears or so. But there is no good reason to expect this ate of increase to be maintained; and in any case experi- nce has shown that the representatives of districts with a arge Native vote are as able and honorable as their col- eagues from more purely White districts. It is true, how- ever, that Natives have tended to vote for the South Afri- an Party candidates, thinking their interests safer in the hands of that party than in those of General Hertzog's party. Whether this fact has anything to do with General Hertzog's proposals, no man can tell.

If the present Cape Native franchise is continued Native interests, not only at the Cape but throughout the Union, are likely to receive increasing attention and consid- eration with the growing strength of the Native vote. If General Hertzog's bill becomes law, there is an end, once and for all, to these hopes of Natives exercising an increas- ingly effective influence on the Government under which they live. For the alternative scheme of representation offered to them is one which in practice is likely to prove potent only for the mild voicing of complaints and desires, but impotent for securing any effective redress or satisfac- tion. As regards "ruin to white civilization," it has yet to be shown that the civilized Native is a danger rather than an asset. If he is a danger, it is not because he is civilized, but because, being civilized, he finds himself shut out from the opportunities and rights of other civilized men.

Last of all comes the question of territorial segrega- tion, that is, land. Prior to 1913, the Natives were pro- tected in the possession of their reservations and in addi- tion they were free to buy land outside them in the open market. The Native Land Act of 1913 was a first attempt at territorial segregation. It sought to divide the land between the blacks and whites by granting additional areas for exclusive Native ownership but prohibiting Natives from acquiring land, except by very special permission, in white areas. Successive commissions and committees have since then been wrestling with the problem of demarcating additional Native areas, but their recommendations have met with so much opposition that no government has cared to enforce them by law. General Hertzog's bill now pro- poses to continue the existing reservations and to allow Natives to purchase additional land in adjoining areas, which are to be "released" for this purpose. But the word- ing of the bill appears to imply that these purchases are not to exceed the total area of land which the commissions under the Act of 1913 had proposed to demarcate for exclu- sive Native ownership. Thus in two ways the new bill worsens the position of the Natives. The former act con- tained no absolute limitation on the amount of land to be set aside for Natives, and it proposed to make that land accessible to them by legislative grant, whereas the new act offers only permission to purchase in the open market, in competition with white buyers. The South African Native, in general, is desperately poor, and even with the provisions in the bill for a fund to be created in order to assist Native land purchase, it does not look as if the real and urgent need of the Natives for more land could thus be adequately satisfied. Furthermore, if the bill really fixes

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once and for all the maximum acreage available to purchase, it will be wrecked by the natural increase of the population.

The question remains, What is to be the status of the numerous Natives at present residing as squatters or labor-tenants or servants in areas reserved for white ownership? It is here that the most serious features of the new land bill come into view. Areas owned by whites, but containing also Native inhabitants, are to be "proclaimed," in order that the Natives in these areas may be dealt with as follows: Such Natives may be either (a) full-time servants of the white farmer, receiving their keep and perhaps a small money-wage; or (b) labor-tenants, bound to render annually 180 days of work (not necessarily continuous) in return for permission to reside and cultivate a strip of land; or (c) squatters, who cultivate a plot in return for a half-share of their produce. The effect of the bill will be to destroy the squatter class, for it imposes on the white farmer a license fee for each squatter so "ferocious" (as General Smuts rightly terms it) that it will not pay him to keep squatters. The squatter, then, must become either a labor-tenant or a servant. For each tenant, too, the farmer will, under the bill, have to pay a license fee, whereas there is no fee for servants. Moreover, the bill gives the right to any farmer who is short of labor to claim that his neighbor has too many tenants. Local boards are to decide on these claims, and if they uphold a claim, the surplus tenants must be shifted to the claimant's farm. Thus the Native labor-tenant has no security of tenure and may be moved about from farm to farm. Obviously the only effective alternative for the Native, and certainly the cheapest for the farmer, is for the former to become a full-time servant, earning for himself little beyond his keep.

This is presumably the price which General Hertzog found himself compelled to pay to his farmer followers, just as the Color Bar Bill was his price to his Labor followers. The Native in a "proclaimed" area will not be wanted as a squatter; he has no security of tenure, even if wanted as a labor-tenant; and if he does not want to become a permanent servant, he is compelled either to move into a Native Reservation ("scheduled" area) already overcrowded, or to purchase land in a "released" area at competitive prices. In fact he will become a servant—for in this grim choice this is his easiest alternative. The effect of the bill can be only to create a large reservoir of Native servants who will be at the white farmers' disposal in return for bare subsistence.

While servants in name, these Natives will be worse off than slaves in fact. They will enjoy all the disadvantages of slavery without any of its advantages. They will not be owned by their masters; the farmer will feel toward them none of the interests and obligations of ownership. Yet he will have them in his power and they will be forced to labor for him. Any Native not working for a farmer will be homeless, and to be homeless in a "proclaimed" area is forbidden.

Clearly, if this bill is passed into law in its present form, it will usher in a period of misfortune for the Native peoples unparalleled in the history of South Africa under white rule. General Hertzog and his advisers would do well to recall, before it is too late, the principles which General Boka laid down when speaking on the Land Act of 1913: "The Native has got as much right in the country as the white man. The white man must do nothing to oppress the Native. In the Union there is no room for oppression; there is room only for justice and good honest legislation."

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by Coburn Allen

With an Introduction by John Haynes Holmes

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